

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

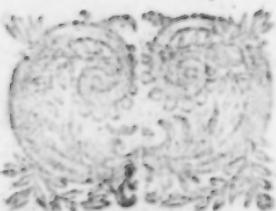
*As it bath beene sundry times Acted,
by the Kings Maiesties
Seruants.*



AT LONDON
Printed by G. E L D, and are to be sold at his
house in Fleet-lane at the signe of the
Printers-Presse.
1608.

THE
HAWKINGERS
TRAGEDIE.

Printed by G. Eld, and sold by H. C. and J. D. at the
Sign of the Golden Lion in Fleet-street, 1648.



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Printed-Peggs.
1648.

The Reuengers Tragædie.

ACT. I. SC. I.

Enter Vendici, the Duke, Dutchesse, Lusurioso ber sonne,
Spurio the bastard, with a traine passe ouer the
Stage with Torch-light.

Vnde. D^r Vke: royll lecher; goe, gray hayrde adultery,
And thou his sonne, as impious steept as hee:
And thou his bastard true-begott in euill:
And thou his Dutchesse that will doe with Diuill,
Foure exlent Characters—O that marrow-leſſe age,
Would ſtuffe the hollow Bones with dambd deſires,
And ſtead of heate kindle infernall fires,
Within the ſpend-thrift veynes of a drye Duke,
A parcht and iuiceleſſe luxur. O God! one
That has ſcarce bloud inough to liue vpon.
And hee to ryct it like a ſonne and heyre?
O the thought of that
Turnes my abuſed heart-ſtrings into fret.
Thou falloу picture of my poyſoned loue,
My ſtudies ornament, thou ſhell of Death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed Lady,
When life and beauty naturally ſild out
These ragged imperfections;
When two-heauen-pointed Diamonds were ſet
In thofe vnsightly Rings; then twas a face
So farre beyond the artificiall ſhine
Of any womans bought complexion
That the vprightest man, (if ſuch there be,)
That finne but ſeauen times a day) broke cuſtome
And made vp eight with looking after her,
Oh ſhe was able to ha made a Viuerers ſonne
Melt all his patrimony in a kiffe,
And what his father liftie yeares told
To haue conuende, and yet his ſute beene cold:
But oh accursed Pallace!
Thee when thou werſt appareld in thy fleſh,
The old Duke poyſon'd,
Because thy purer part would not conſent

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Vnto his palsey-lust, for old men lust-full
Do shew like young men angry, eager violent,
Out-bid like their limited performances
O ware an old man hot, and vicious
,, Age as in gold, in lust is covetous.

Vengence thou murders Quit-rent, and whereby

Thou shoulst thy selfe Tenant to Tragedy,
Ola keepe thy day, houre, minute, I beseech,

For those thou hast determin'd: who ere knew

Murder vnpayd, faith give Reuenge her due

Sha's kept touch hetherto—be merry, merry,

Aduance thee, O thou terror to fat folkes

To haue their costly three-pilde flesh worne of

As bare as this—for banquets: easie and laughter,

Can make great men as greathesle goes by clay,

But wise men little are more great then they?

Enter her brother Hippolito.

Hip. Still sighing ore deaths vizard,

Vind. Brother welcome,

What comfort bring it thou? how go things at Court?

Hip. In silke and bluer brother: neuer brauer.

Vind. Puh,

Thou playst vpon my meaning, pree-thee say

Has that bald Madam, Opportunity?

Yet thought vpon's, speake are we happy yet?

Thy wrongs and mine are for onescabberd fit.

Hip. It may proue happiness,

Vind. What ist may proue?

Give me to taste,

Hip. Giue me your hearing then,

You know my place at Court,

Vind. I:the Dukes Chamber

But tis a maruaile thourt not turnd out yet!

Hip. Faith I haue beeene shououd at, but twas still my hap

To hold by th Duchesse skirt, you gesse at that,

Whome such a Coate keepes up can neze fall flat,

But to the purpose.

Last euening predecessor unto this,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

The Dukes sonne warily enquired for me,
Whose pleasure I attended: he began,
By policy to open and vnhuse me
About the tyme and common rumour :
But I had so much wit to keepe my thoughts
Vp in their built houses, yet afforded him
An idle satiation without danger,
But the whole ayme, and scope of his intent
Ended in this, coniuring me in priuate,
To seeke some strange digested fellow forth:
Of ill-contented nature, either disgrac'd
In former times, or by new groomes displac't,
Since his Step-mothers nuptials, such a bloud
A man that were for euill onely good;
To give you the true word some base coynd Pander?

Vind. I reach you, for I know his heate is such,
Were there as many Concubines as Ladies
He would not be contaynd, he must file out:
I wonder how ill featurde, vilde proportiond
That one should be: if she were made for woman,
Whom at the Insurrection of his lust
He would refuse for once, heast, I thinke none,
Next to a skull, tho more vnsound then one
Each face he meetes he strongly doates vpon,

Hip. Brother y'au truly spoke him?
He knowes not you, but Ile sweare you know him,

Vind. And therfore ile put on that knaue for once,
And be a right man then, a man a'th Time,
For to be honest is not to be ith world,
Brother ile be that strange composed fellow.

Hip. And ile prefer you brother,

Vind. Go too then,
The smallift aduantage fattens wronged men:
It may point out, occasion, if I meeete her,
Ile hold her by the fore-top fast ynochly;
Or like the French Moale heave vp hayre and all,
I haue a habit that wil fit it quaintly,
Here comes our Mother;

Hip. And sister,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Vind. We must quoynie,

Women are apt you know to take false money,
But I dare stake my soule for these two creatures
Onely excuse excepted that they're swallow,
Because their sexe is easie in beleefe.

Moth. What newes from Cour sonne Carlo?

Hip. Faith Mother,

Tis whisperd there the Duchesse yongest sonne
Has playd a Rape on Lord Antonios wife.

Moth. On that religiouse Lady!

Cast. Royall bloud:monster he deserues to die,
If Italy had no more hopes but he.

Vin. Sister y'au sent enc'd most direct, and true,
The Lawes a woman, and would she were you!
Mother I must take leaue of you.

Moth. Leaue for what?

Vin. I Intend speedy trauaile.

Hip. That he do's Madam. Mo. Speedy indeed!

Vind. For since my worthy fathers funerall,
My life's vnnaturally to me, e'en compeld
As if I liu'd now when I should be dead.

Mot. Indeed he was a worthy Gentleman
Had his estate beeene fellow to his mind.

Vind. The Duke did much deicte him.

Moth. Much?

Vind. To much.

And through disgrace oft smotherd in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I thinke hee dyed
Of discontent:the Noblemans consumption.

Moth. Most sure he did!

Vind. Did he lack,—you know all

You were his mid-night secretary.

Moth. No.

He was to wife to trust me with his thoughts.

Vind. Yfaith then father thou wast wise indeed,

, Wiues are but made to go to bed and feede.

Come mother,sister :youle bring me onward brother?

Hip. I will.

Vind.

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Vind. Ile quickly turne into another. Exeunt.
Enter the old Duke, Lusturioso , his sonne, the Duchesse : the Bastard, the Duchesse two sonnes Ambitioso , and Superuacuo , the third her yongest brought out with Officers for the Rape two Judges.

Duke. Duchesse it is your yongest sonne, we're sory,
His violent Act has e'en drawne blood of honor
And staind ou: honors,
Throwne inck vpon the for-head of our state
Which eniuious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot vs in our Toombes.
For that which would seeme treason in our liues
Is laughter when we're dead, who dares now whisper
That dares not then speake out, and e'en proclaine,
With lowd words and broad pens our closest shame.

Just. Your grace hath spoke like to your siluer yeares
Full of confirmed grauity; — for what is it to haue,
A flattering false insculptiōn on a Toombe:
And in mens hearts reproch, the boweld Corps,
May be seard in, but with free tongue I speake,
,, The faults of great men through their searce clothes breakē.

Duk. They do , we're sory for t, it is our fate,
To liue in feare and die to liue in hate,
I leave him to your sentance dome him Lords
The fact is great; whilst I sin by and sigh.

Duch. My gratiouſ Lord I pray be mercifull,
Although his trespass far exceed his yeares,
Thinke him to be your owne as I am yours,
Call him not sonne in law: the law I feare
Wil fal too ſoone vpon his name and him:
Temper his fault with pity?

Luff. Good my Lord.
Then twill not taſt ſo bitter and vnplesant
Vpon the Judges pallat, for offences
Gilt ore with mercy, ſhow like fyrefest women;
Good onely for therr beauties, which washt of: no ſin is oug-

Ambitioſ I beſeech your grace, (cler)
Be ſoft and mild, let not Relentleſſe Law,

Looke

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Looke with an iron for-head on our brother.

Spu. He yeelds small comfort yet, hope he shall die,
And if a bastards wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turnde into a coarse,

Duc. No pitty yet? must I rise fruitlesse then,
A wonder in a woman are my knees,
Of such lowe-meauall—that without Respect—

1. Indg. Let the offender stand forth,
Tis the Dukes pleasure that Impartiall Doome,
Shall take first hold of his vaneane attempt,
A Rape! why tis the very core of lust,
Double Adultery.

Iuni. So Sir.

2. Ind. And which was worse,
Committed on the Lord *Antonios* wife,
That Generall honest Lady, confess me Lord!
Wha mou'd you toot?

Iuni. why flesh and blood my Lord.
What should indeue men ynto a woman else,

Luff. O do not iest thy doome, trust not an axe
Or sword too far; the Law is a wise serpent
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life,
Tho marriage onely has mad thee my brother,
I loue thee so far, play not with thy Death,

Iuni. I thanke you troth, good admonitions faith,
If ide the grace now to make vse of them,

1. Ind. That Ladys name has spred such a faire wing
Ouer all Italy; that if our Tonges
Were sparing toward she Fact, Judgment it selfe,
Would be condemned and suffer in mens thoughts,

Iuni. Well then tis done, and it would please me well
Were it to doe agen: sure shes a Goddesse,
For ide no power to see her, and to live,
It falls out true in this for I must die,

Her beauty was ordaynd to be my scaffold,
And yet my thinks I might be easier ceast,
My fault being sport, let me but die in iest,

1. Ind. This be the sentence,
Duc.

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Dut. O keep vpon your Tongue, let it not slip,
Death too soone steales out of a Lawyers lip;
Be not so cruell-wise?

I. Indg. Your Grace must pardon vs,
'Tis but the Justice of the Lawe.

Distr. The Lawe,
Is growne more subtil then a woman should be.

Sph. Now, now he dyes, rid 'em away.

Dut. O what it is to haue an old-coole Duke,
To bee as slack in tongue, as in performance.

I. Indg. Confirmde, this be the doome irreuocable.

Dut. Oh! I. Indg. To morrow early.

Dut. Pray be a bed my Lord.

I. Indg. Your Grace much wrongs your selfe.

Ambi. No 'tis that tongue,
Your too much right, dos do vs too much wrong.

I. Indg. Let that offender ——————

Dut. Live and be in health.

I. Indg. Be on a Scaffold — Dnk, Hold, hold, my Lord.

Sph. Pax ont,

What makes my Dad speake now?

Duke. We will defer the judgement till next sitting,
In the meane time let him be kept close prisoner:
Guard beare him hence.

Ambi. Brother, this makes for thee,
Feare not, wee haue a trick to set thee free.

Inni. Brother, I will expect it from you both; and in that hope
I rest.

Super. Farewell, be merry. *Exit with a garde.*

Sph. Delayd, deferd nay then if judgement haue cold bloud,
Flattery and bribes will kill it.

Duke. About it then my Lords with your best powers,
More serious busynesse calls vpon our houres. *Exe, manet Dn.*

Dut. Wast euer knowne step-Dutchesse was so milde,
And calme as I? some now would plot his death,
With easie Doctors, those loose living men,
And make his witherd Grace fall to his Graue,
And keepe Church better?
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Her double loathd Lord at meate and sleepe,
Indeed 'tis true an old mans twice a childe,
Mine cannot speake, one of his sngle words,
Would quite haue freed my yongest dearest sonne
From death or durance, and haue made him walke
With a bold foote vpon the thornie law,
Whose Prickles should bow vnder him, but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot,
He kill him in his fore-head, hate there feede,
That wound is deepest tho it neuer bleed :
And here comes hee whom my heart points vnto,
His bastard sonne, but my loues true-begot,
Many a wealthy letter haue I sent him,
Sweld vp with Jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kinde,
That Jewel's mine that quiuers in his eare,
Mocking his Maisters chilnesse and vaine feare,
Ha's spide me now.

Spi. Madame ? your Grace so priuate.
My duety on your hand.

Dur. Vpon my hand sir, troth I thinkte youde feare,
To kisse my hand too if my lip stood there,

Spi. Witnesse I would not Madam.

Dur. Tis a wonder,
For ceremonie ha's made many fooles,
It is as easie way vnto a Dutchesse,
As to a Hatted-dame, (if her loue answer.)
But that by timorous honors, pale respects,
Idle degress of feare, men make their wayes
Hard of themselues—what haue you thought of me?

Spi. Madam I euer thinke of you, in duty,
Regard and ———

Dur. Puh, vpon my loue I meane.

Spi. I would 'twere loue, but 'tus a fowler name
Then lust ; you are my fathers wife, your Grace may gessc now,
What I could call it.

Dur. Why th'art his sonne but falsly,
Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

Spi.

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Spu. Ifaith 'tis true too ; I me an vncertaine man,
Of more vncertaine woman ; may be his groome 'ath stalle be-
got me , you know I know not , hee could ride a horse well , a
shrowd suspition marry---hee was wondrous tall , hee had his
length yfaith , for peeping ouer halfe shut holy-day windowes ,
Men would desire him light , when he was a foote ,
He made a goodly shew vnder a Pent-house ,
And when he rid , his Hatt would check the signes , and clatter
Barbers Basons .

Dnr. Nay set you a horse back once ,
Youle nere light off .

Spu. Indeed I am a beggar .

Dnr. That's more the signe thou'art Great---but to our loue ,
Let it stand fume both in thought and minde ,
That the Duke was thy Father , as no doubt then
Hee bid faire fort , thy iniurie is the more ,
For had hee cut thee a right Diamond ,
Thou hadst beene next set in the Duke-doomes Ring ,
When his worne selfe like Ages eale flauie ,
Had dropt out of the Collet into th' Graue ,
What wrong can equall this ? canst thou be tame
And thinke vpon't .

Spu. No mad and thinke vpon't .

Dnr. Who would not be reuengd of such a father ,
E'en in the worst way ? I would thanke that finne ,
That could most iniury him , and bee in league with it ,
Oh what a grieve 'tis , that a man should liue
But once ith world , and then to liue a Bastard ,
The curse a' the wombe , the theefe of Nature ,
Begot against the seauenth commandement ,
Halfe dambd in the conception , by the iustice
Of that vnribed eulasting law .

Spu. Oh Ide a hot-backt Diuill to my father .

Dnr. Would not this mad e'en patience , make bloud rough ?
Who but an Eunuch would not finner his bed
By one false minute disinherited .

Spi. I, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in ,
Ile be reuengd for all , now hate begin ,

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Ile call foule Incest but a Veniall sinne.

Dur. Cold still: in vaine then must a Dutchesse woo?

Sph. Madam I blush to say what I will doo.

Dur. Thence flew sweet comfort, earnest and farewell.

Sph. Oh one incestuous kisse picks open hell.

Dur. Faith now old Dukes my vengeance shall reach high,
Ile arme thy brow with womans Herauldrie. Exit.

Sph. Duke, thou didst do me wrong, and by thy A&T

Adultery is my nature;

Faith if the truth were knowne, I was begot

After some gluttonous dinner, some stirring dish

Was my first father; when deepe healths went round,

And Ladies cheekes were painted red with Wine;

Their tongues as short and nimble as their heeles

Vteering words sweet and thick; and when they rise,

Were merrily disposd to fall agen,

In such a whispring and with-drawing houre,

When base-male-Bawds kept Centiell at staire-head

Was I stolne softly; oh—damnation met

The sinne of feasts, drunken adultery.

I feele it swell me; my reuenge is just,

I was begot in impudent Wine and Lust:

Step-mother I consent to thy desires,

I loue thy mischife well, but I hate thee,

And those three Cubs thy sonnes, wishing confusion

Death and disgrace may be their Epitaphis,

As for my brother the Dukes onely sonne,

Whose birth is more beholding to report

Then mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sowne.

(Women must not be trusted with their owne)

Ile loose my dayes vpon him hate all I,

Duke on thy browe Ile drawe my Bastardie.

For indeed a bastard by nature should make Cuckolds,

Because he is the sonne of a Cuckold-maker. Exit.

Enter Vindici and Hippolito, Vindici in disguise to

attend L. Lussurios to the Dukes sonne.

Vind. What brother? am I farre inough from my selfe?

Hip. As if another man had beene sent whole

Inte

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Into the world, and none wist how he came.

Vind. It wil confirme me bould: the child a'th Court,

Let blushes dwell i'th Country, impudence!

Thou Goddesse of the pallace, Mistrs of Mistesses

To whom the costly perfum'd-people pray,

Strike thou my fore-head into dauntlesse Marble;

Mine eyes to steady Saphires: turne my visage,

And if I must needes glow, let me blush inward

That this immodest season may not spy,

That scholler in my cheeke, foole-bashfullnes,

That Maide in the old time, whose flush of *Grace*

Would neuer suffer her to get good cloathes;

Our maides are wiser; and are lesse ashamed,

Saue *Grace* the bawde I seldome heare *Grace* nam'd!

Hip. Nay brother you reach out a'th Verge now, -- Sfoote
the Dukes sonne, settle your lookes.

Vind. Pray let me not be doubted.

Hip. My Lord --

Luff. *Hipolito?* -- be absent leave vs.

Hip. My Lord after long search, wary inquiryes
And politick listings, I made chiose of yon fellow,
Whom I gesse rare for many deepe imployments;
This our age swims within him; and if Time
Had so much hayre, I should take him for Time,
He is so neere kinne to this present minute?

Luff. Tis ynough,

We thanke thee: yet words are but great-mens blanckes
Gold tho it be dum do's vter the best thankses.

Hip. Your plenteous honor -- an exlent fellow my Lord.

Luff. So, giue vs leave -- welcome, bee not far off, we must bee
better acquainted, push, be bould with vs, thy hand:

Vind. With all my heart yfaith how doft sweete Mus'cat
Whenshall we lie togither?

Luff. Wondrous knauel

Gather him into bouldnesse, Sfoote the flau'e's
Already as familiar as an *Ague*,
And shakes me at his pleasure, friend I can
Forget my selfe in priuate, but else where,
I ptay do you remember me.

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Vind. Oh very well sir--- I conster my selfe sawcy!

Luff. What haft beene,
Of what profession.

Vind. A bone-setter!

Luff. A bone-setter!

Vind. A bawde my Lord,
One that sett bones togither,

Luff. Notable bluntnesse?

Fit, fit for me , e'en traynd vp to my hand

Thou haft beene Scriuener to much knauery then,

Vind. Foole, to abundance sir; I haue beene witnessse
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins,

And not so little,

I haue seene Patrimonyes waſht a peices

Fruit-feilds turnd into bastards,

And in a world of Acres,

Not so much dust due to the heire t'was left too

As would well grauell a petition'

Luff. Fine villaine? troth I like him wonderously
Hiccs e'en shapt for my purpose, then thou knowſt
Ith world strange lust.

Vind. O Dutch lust! fulſome lust!

Druncken procreacion, which begets , so many drunckards;
Some father dreads not (gonne to bedde in wine) to ſlide from
the mother,

And cling the daughter-in-law,

Some Vndies are adulterous with their Neeces,

Brothers with brothers wiues, O howre of Inceſt!

Any kin now next to the Rim aſt ſister

Is mans meate in these dayes, and in the morning

When they are vp and dreſt, and their maſke on,

Who can perceiue thiſſauſe that eternall eye

That ſee's through flesh and all, well:—If any thing be dambd?

It will be twelue a clock at night; that twelue

Will neuer ſcape;

It is the *Judas* of the howers; wherein,

Honest ſaluation is betryde to ſin,

Luff. Introth it is too? but let this talke glide

It is our bleed to erre, tho hell gapte lowde

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud!
Now sir? wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtil,
And deeply fadom'd into all estates
I would embrace thee for a neere employment,
And thou shouldest swell in money, and be able
To make lame beggers crouch to thee.

Vind. My Lord?

Secret? I ne're had that disease ath mother
I praise my father: why are men made close?
But to keepe thoughts in best, I grant you this
Tell but some woman a secret ouer night,
Your doctor may finde it in the vrinall ith morning.
But my Lord,

- Luff. So, thou'rt confirm'd in mee.

And thus I enter thee,

Vind. This Indian diuill,

Will quickly enter any man: but a Vsurer,
He preuents that, by entring the diuill first.
Luff. Attend me, I am past my dept in lust
And I must swim or drowne, all my desires
Are leueld at a Virgin not far from Court,
To whom I haue conuayde by Messenger
Many waxt Lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And iewells that were able to auish her
Without the helpe of man; all which and more.
Shee foolish chaſt sent back, the messengers,
Receiving frownes for answers.

Vind. Possible!

Tis a rare Phanix who ere ſhe bee,
If your desires be ſuch, ſhe ſo repugnant,
In troth my Lord ide be reuenge and marry her.'

Luff. Puh; the doury of her bloud & of her fortunes;
Ate both too meane, - good ynough to be bad withal
Ime one of that number can defend
Marriage is good: yet rather keepe a friend,
Give me my bed by ſtealth--theres true delight
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night,

Vind. A very fine religion?

Luff.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Luss. Therefore thus,
We trust thee in the busynesse of my heart
Because I see thee wel experienc'it
In this Luxurious day wherein we breath,
Go thou, and with a smooth enchaunting tongue
Bewitch her eares, and Couzen her of all Grace
Enter vpon the portion of her soule,
Her honor, which she calls her chastity
And bring it into expence, for honesty
Is like a stocke of money layd to sleepe,
Which nere so little broke, do's never keep:

Vind. You haue gint the Tang yfaith my Lord
Make knowne the Lady to me, and my braine,
Shall swell with strange Inuention: I will moue it
Till I expire with speaking, and drop downe
Without a word to saue me; ---but ile worke —————

Luss. We thanke thee, and will raise thee:—receive her name,
it is the only daughter, to Madame *Gratiana* the late widdow

Vind. Oh, my sister, my sister? — *Luss.* Why dost walke aside?

Vind. My Lord, I was thinking how I might begin
As thus, oh Ladie—or twenty hundred deuices,
Her very bodkin will put a man in.

Luss. I, or the wagging of her haire.

Vind. No, that shall put you in my Lord.

Luss. Shal't? why content, dost know the daughter then?

Vind. O exlent well by sight.

Luss. That was her brother
That did prefer thee to vs.

Vind. My Lord I think so,
I knew I had scene him some where—

Luss. And therefore pree-thee let thy heart to him,
Be as a Virgin, close. *Vind.* Oh me good Lord,

Luss. We may laugh at that simple age within him;

Vind. Ha ha, ha,

Luss. Himselfe being made the subtil instrument,
To winde vp a good fellow.

Vind. That's I my Lord.

Luss. That's thou.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDT.

To entice and worke his sister,

Vind. A pure nouice? Luff. T'was finely manag'd.

Vind. Gallantly carried;

A pretv-perfumde villaine.

Luff. I'ue be thought me

If she prooue chaff still and immoueable,

Venture vpon the Mother, and with giftes

As I will furnish thee, begin with her.

Vin. Oh fie, fie, that's the wrong end my Lord. Tis meere impossible that a mother by any giftes should become a bawde to her owne Daughter!

Luff. Nay then I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtill Mistery of a woman:--why tis held now no dainty dish: The name

Is so in league with age, that now adayes

It do's Eclipse three quarters of a Mother;

Vind. Dost so my Lord?

Let me alone then to Eclipse the fourth.

Luff. Why well sayd, come ile furnish thee, but first
sweare to be true in all.

Vind. True?

Luff. Nay but sweare!

Vind. Sweare?--I hope your honor little doubts my sayth,

Luff. Yet for my humours sake cause I loue swearing.

Vind. Cause you loue swearing, flud I will.

Luff. Why ynough,

Ere long looke to be made of better stuff.

Vind. That will do well indeed my Lord.

Luff. Attend me?

Vind. Oh.

Now let me buist, I'ue eaten Noble poysen,

We are made strange fellowes, brother, innocent villaines,

Wilt not be angry when thou hearst on't, thinkst thou?

Ifayth thou shalt; sweare me to soule my sister.

Sword I durst make a promise of him to thee,

Thou shalt dis-heire him, it shall be thine honor,

And yet now angry froath is downe in me,

It would not proue the meanest policy,

In this disguize to try the sayth of both,

Another night haue had the selfe same office,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY

Some flauie, that would haue wrought effectually,
I and perhaps ote wrought em, therefore I,
Being thought trauayld, will apply my selfe,
Vnto the selfe same forme, forget my nature,
As if no part about me were kin to em,
So touch em,---tho I durst almost for good,
Venture my lands in heauen vpon their good.

Exit.

Enter the discontented Lord Antonio, whose wife the Duchesses
yongest Sonne ransفت; by Discovering the body of her dead
to certayne Lords; and Hippolito.

L. Ant. Draw neerer Lords and be sad witnessies
Of a fayre comely building newly faine,
Being falsoyly vnderthined: violent tape
Has playd a glorious act, behold my Lords
A fight that strikes man out of me:

Piero. That vertuous Lady? Ant. President for wiues?
Hip. The blush of many weomen, whose chaste presence,
Would ene callishame vp to their cheekes,
And make pale wanton sinners haue good colours.

L. Ant. Dead!
Her honor first drunke poysone, and her life,
Being fellowes in one house did pledge her honour,

Pier. O greefe of many!

L. Anto. I markt not this before.
A prayer Booke the pillow to her cheeke,
This was her rich confection, and another
Plastc'd in her right hand, with a leafe tuckt vp,
Poynting to these words.

Melius virtute mori, Quam per Dedecons vivere.
True and effectuall it is indeed.

Hip. My Lord since you enuite vs to your sorrowes,
Lets truely tast em, that with equall comfort,
As to our selues we may releue your wrongs,
We haue greefe too, that yet walkes without Tong,

Cura lenes liguntur, Maiores stupent.

L. Ant. You deale with truth my Lord.
Lend me but your Attentions, and Ile cut
Long greefe into short words: last reuellling night;

When

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

When Torch-light made an artificiall noone
About the Court, some Courtiers in the maske,
Putting on better faces then their owne,
Being full of frawde and flattery: amongst whome,
The Duchesses yongest sonne (that moth to honor)
Fild vp a Roome; and with long lust to eat,
Into my weareing; amongst all the Ladys,
Singled out that deere forme; who euer liu'd,
As cold in Lust; as shee is now in death;
(Which that step Ducheſſ—Monſter knew to well;))
And therefore in the height of all the reuellſ,
When Musick was hard lowdēſt, Courtiers busieſt,
And Ladies great with laughter;—O Vicious minute!
Vnſit but for relation to be ſpoke of,
Then with a face more impudent then his vizard
He hartied her amideſt a throng of Panders,
That liue vpon damnation of both kindes,
And fed the rauenous vulture of his lust,
(O death to thinke on!) ſhe her honor forſet,
Deeand it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poyſon then to liue with shame.

Hip, A wondrous Lady; of rare fire compaſt,
Sh'as made her name an Emprefſe by that act,

Pier, My Lord what iudgement followes the offendes?

L. Ant. Faith none my Lord it cooles and is defer'd,

Pier, Delay the doome for rape?

L. Ant. O you muſt note who tis ſhould die,

The Ducheffe ſonne, ſheele looke to be a fauer,

“Judgment in this age is nere kin to fauour.

Hip, Nay then ſtep forth thou Bribeſſe officer;

I bind you all in Steele to bind you ſurely,

Heer let your oths meet, to be kept and payd,

Which elſe will ſtiche like rust, and shame the blade;

Strengthen my vow, that if at the next ſitting,

Judgment ſpeakē all in gold, and ſpare the bloud

Of ſuch a ſerpent, e'en before their ſeats,

To let his ſoule out, which long ſince was found,

Guilty in heaſen,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

All. We sweare it and will act it,

L. Anto. Kind Gentlemen, I thank you in mineire,

Hip. Twere pitty?

The ruins of so faire a Monument,

Sould not be dipt in the defacers blood,

Piero. Her funeral shall be wealthy, for her name,

Merits a toombe of peade ; my Lord Antonio,

For this time wipc your Lady from your eyes,

No doubt our greefe and youres may one day court it,

When we are more familiar with Reueng,

L. Anto. That is my comfort Gentlemen, and I joy,

In this one happines aboue the rest,

Which will be cald a miralce at last,

That being an old---man ide a wife so chaste.

Exeunt.

ACTVS. 2. SC.Æ. 1.

Enter Castiza the sister.

Cast. How hardly shall that mayden be beset,

Whose onely fortunes, are her constant thoughts,

That has no other childes-part but her honor,

That Keepes her lowe ; and empty in estate,

Maydes and their honors are like poore beginners,

Were not sinne rich there would be fewer sinners,

Why had not vertue a reuennewe? well,

I know the caufe, twold haue impouerish'd hell,

How now Dondolo.

Don. Madona, there is one as they say a thing of flesh and blood, a man I take him by his beard that would very desirously mouth to mouth with you.

Cast. Whats that?

Don. Show his teeth in your company,

Cast. I vnderstand thee not;

Don. Why speake with you Madona!

Cast. Why say so mad-man, and cut of a great deale of durty way ; had it not beeene better spoke in ordinary words that one would speake with me.

Don. Ha,ha,thats as ordinary as two shillings,I would strike alittle

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

alide to show my selfe in my place, a Gentleman-vsler scornes
to vse the Phrase and fanzye of a seruingman.

Cast. Yours be your one sir, go dire^t him hether,
I hope soone happy tidings from my brother,
That lately trauayld, whome my soule affects.
Here he comes.

Enter Vindice her brother disguised.

Vin. Lady the best of wishes to your sexe,
Faire skins and new gownes,

Cast. Oh they shall thanke you sir,
Whence this,

Vin. Oh from a deere and worthy friend,
mighty! *Cast.* From whome?

Vin. The Dukes sonne!

Cast. Receiue that!

A boxe at her Brother.

I swore I'de put anger in my hand,
And passe the Virgin limits of my selfe,
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his finnes Atturney, beare to him,
That figure of my hate vpon thy cheeke
Whilst tis yet hot, and Ile reward thee foyt,
Tell him my honor shall haue a rich name,
When seuerall harlots shall share his with shame,
Farewell commend me to him in my hate!

Exit.

Vin. It is the sweetest Boxe,
That ere my nose came nye,
The finest drawne-worke cuffe that ere was worne,
Ile loue this blowe for euer, and this cheeke
Shall still hence forward take the wall of this.
Oh I me a boue my tong:most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honorable showne,
Many are cald by their honour that haue none,
Thou art approu'd for euer in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taunt thee,
And yet for the saluation of my oth,
As my resolute in that poynt; I will lay,
Hard seige vnto my Mother, tho I know,

A Syrens.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

A Syrens tongue could not bewitch her so,
Masse fitly here she comes, thankes my disguize,
Madame good afemoone.

Moth. Y are welcome sir?

Vind. The Next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the Dukes sonne.

Moth. I thinke my selfe much honor'd, that he pleases,
To ranck me in his thoughts.

Vind. So may you Lady:

One that is like to be our fiddaine Duke,
The Crowne gapes for him euery tide, and then
Commander ore vs all, do but thinke on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him
E'en with any thing almoft.

Moth. I faue their honor?

Vind. Tut, one would let a little of that go too
And nere be feene in't: nere be feene it, marke you,
Ide winck and let it go —————

Moth. Marry but I would not.

Vind. Marry but I would I hope, I know you would too,
If youd that bloud now which you gaue your daughter,
To her indeed tis, this wheele comes abour,
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere moraing
(For his white father do's but moulde away)
Has long defirde your daughter. Moth. Defirde?

Vind. Nay but heare me,
He defirs now that will command hereafter,
Therefore be wise, I speake as more a friend
To you then him; Madam, I know y'are poore,
And lack the day, there are too many poore Ladies already
Why should you vex the number? tis despis'd,
Lie wealthy, rightly vnderstand the world,
And chide away that foolish—Country girle
Keepes company with your daughter, chastity,

Moth. Oh fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire a mo-
ther to such a moft vnnaturall taske.

Vind. No, but a thousand Angells can,
Men haue no power, Angells must worke you too't.

The

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

The world descends into such base-borne euills
That forty Angells can make fourescore diuills,
There will be fooles still I perceiue, still foole,
Would I be poore dejected, scornd of greatnessse,
Swept from the Pallace, and see other daughters
Spring with the dewe ath Court, hauing mine owne
So much desir'd and lou'd---by the Dukes sonne,
No, I would raise my state vpon her brest
And call her eyes my Tennants, I would count
My yearly maintenance vpon her cheeke:
Take Coach vpon her lip, and all her partes
Should keepe men after men, and I would ride,
In pleasure vpon pleasure:

You tooke great paines for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho it be but some
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home;

Moth. O heauens ! this ouer-comes me!

Vind. Not I hope, already?

Moth. It is too strong for me, men know that know vs,
We are so weake their words can ouerthrow vs,
He toucht me neerely made my vertues bate
When his tongue struck vpon my poore estate.

Vind. I e'en quake to proceede, my spirit turnes edge?
I feare meshe's vnmotherd, yet ileventure,
,, That woman is all male, whome none can Enter?
What thinke you now Lady, speake are you wiser?
What sayd aduancement to you: thus it sayd!
The daughters fal lifts vp the mothers head:
Did it not Madame? but ile sweare it does.
In many places, tut, this age feares no man,
,, Tis no shame to be bad, because tis common.

Moth. I that's the comfort on't.

Vind. The comfort on't!

I keepe the best for last, can these perswade you
To forget heauen---and--- *Moth.* Ithese are they?

Vind. Oh!

Moth. That enchant our sexe,
These are the means that gouerne our affections, --that woman
Will

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you,
I blush to thinke what for your sakes Ile do!

Vind. O suffring heauen with thy inuisible finger,
Ene at this Instant turne the pretious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward,not to see my selfe,

Mot. Looke you sir.

Vin. Holla,

Mot. Let this thanke your paines.

Vind. O you'r a kind Mad-man;

Mot. Ile see how I can moue,

Vind. Your words will sting,

Mot. If she be still chasht Ile nere call her mine,

Vind. Spoke truer then you ment it,

Mot. Daughter *Castiza.* *Cast.* Madam,

Vind. O shees yonder.

Meete her:troupes of celestiall Soldiers gard her heart,

Yon dam has devylls ynough to take her part,

Cast. Madam what makes yon euill offic'd man,

In presence of you; *Mot.* Why?

Cast. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the Dukes sonne

To tempt me to dishonorable Act,

Mot. Dishonorable Act—good honorable foole,

That wouldst be honest cause thou wouldst be so,

Producing no one reason but thy will,

And t'as a good report,pretye commended,

But pray by whome;meane people;ignorant people,

The better sort Ime sure cannot abide it,

And by what rule shouldst we square out our liues,

But by our betters actions? oh if thou knew'st

What t'were to loose it,thou would never keepe it:

But theres a cold curse layd vpon all Maydes,

Whist other clipt the Sunne they clasp the shades!

Virginity is paradice,lockt vp.

You cannot come by your selues without fee.

And twas decreed that man should keepe the key!

Deny aduancement,treasure,the Dukes sonne,

Cast. I cry you mercy.Lady I mistooke you,

Pray

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Pray did you see my Mother ; which way went you ?
Pray God I haue not lost her.

Vind. Pittily put by.

Moth. Are you as proud to me as coye to him ?
Doe you not know me now ?

Cest. Why are you shee ?
The worlds so changd, one shape into another,
It is a wise childe now that knowes her mother ?

Vind. Most right ifaith.

Mother. I owe your cheeke my hand,
For that presumption now, but Ile forget it,
Come you shall leue those childish hauouris,
And vnderstand your Time, Fortunes flow to you,
What will you be a Girel ?
If all feard drowning, that spye waues a shoare,
Gold would grow rich, and all the Marchants poore.

Cest. It is a pritty saying of a wicked one, but me thinkes now
It dos not shew so well out of your mouth,
Better in his.

Vind. Faith bad inough in both,
Were I in earnest as Ile seeme no lesse ?
I wonder Lady your owne mothers words,
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honestie you vrge; whar's honestie ?
'Tis but heavens beggar ; and what woman is so foolish to
keepe honestie,
And be not able to keepe her selfe ? No,
Times are growne wiser and will keepe lesse charge,
A Maide that h'as small portion now entends,
To breake vp house, and live vpon her friends
How blest are you, you haue happinesse alone,
Otheis must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in him-selfe to make your fore-head
Dazle the world with Jewels, and petitionary people
Start at your prefence.

Mother. Oh if I were yong, I should be rswift,

Cest. I to loose your honour.

Vind. Sled how can you loose your honor?

THE TAKENGEES TRAGEDY.

To deale with my Lords Grace,
Heele adde mote honour to it by his Title,
Your Mother will tell you how.

Mother. That I will.

Vind. O thinke vpon the pleasure of the Pallace,

Secured ease and state ; the stirring meates, (their eaten,
Ready to moue out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when
Banquets abroad by Torch-light, Musicks, sports,
Bare-headed vassailes, that had nere the fortune
To keepe on their owne Hats, but let hornes were em,
Nine Coaches waiting—hurry,hurry,hurry,

Cast. I to the Diuill.

Vind. I to the Diuill, toth' Duke by my faith.

Moth. I to the Duke : daughter youde scorne to thinke ath'
Diuill and you were there once.

Vin. True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart ifaith
Who de sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as vse-lessie as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune then her-selfe,
Walke with a hundred Acres on their backs,
Faire Medowes cut into Greene fore-parts—oh
It was the greatest blessing euer happened to women,
When Farmers sonnes agreed, and met agen,
To wash their hands, and come vp Gentlemen ;
The common-wealth has flourisht euer since,
Lands that were meat by the Rod, that labors spar'd,
Taylors ride downe, and measure em by the yeards,
Faire trees, those comely soote-tops of the Field,
Are cut to maintaine head-tires—much vnold,
All thrives but Chastity, she lyes a cold,
Nay shall I come neerer to you, marks but this !
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer
profession, tha's accounted best, thats best fallowed, least in
trade,least in fashion, and thats not honestly beleeue it, and doe
but note the loue and dejected price of it :

Loose but a Pearle, we search and cannot brooke it.

But that once gone, who is so mad to leake it.

Mother.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Mother. Troth he sayes true.

Cast. False, I defie you both.

I haue endur'd you wth an eare of fire,

Your Tongues haue frack herte yrons on my face;

Mother, come from that poysonous woman there.

Mother. Where?

Cast. Do you not see her, shee's too inward then:

Slaue perish in thy office: you heauens please,

Hence-forth to make the Mother a disease,

Which first begins with me, yet I'ue out-gon you. *Exit.*

Vind. O Angels clap your wings vpon the skyes,
And giue this Virgin Christall plaudities?

Mot. Peeuiish, coy, foolish, but returne this answere,
My Lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way, I will sway mine owne,
Women with women can worke best alone. *Exit.*

Vind. Indeed Ile tell him so;
O more vnciuill, more vnnaturall,
Then those base-titled creatures that looke downe-ward,
Why do's not heauen thrne black, or with a frowne
Vndoo the world—why do's not earth sturt vp,
And strike the sinnes that tread vppon't—oh;
Wert not for gold and women; there would be no damnation,
Hell would looke like a Lords Great Kitchin without fire in't;
But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hookes to catch, at man. *Exit.*

Enter Luffusio, with Hippolito,

Vindicies brother.

Luff. I much applaud thy iudgement, thou art well read in a fellow,
And 'tis the deepest Arse to studie man;
I know this, which I neuer learnt in schooles,
The world's diunded into knaues and fooles.

Hip. Knaue in your face my Lord, behinde your back.

Luff. And I much thanke thee, that thou haft prefcr'd,
A fellow of discourse—well mingled,
And whose btaine Time hath seafond.

Hip. True my Lord,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

We shall finde season once I hope ; —O villaine !
To make such an vnnaturall flauie of me ; —but—

Luff. Masse here he comes,

Hip. And now shall I haue free leauie to depart.

Luff. Your absence, leauie vs,

Hip. Are not my thoughts true ?

I must remoue ; but brother you may stay,

Heart, we are both made Bawdes a new-found way ? *Exit.*

Luff. Now, we're an even number ? a third mans dangerous,

Especially her brother, say, be free,

Haue I a pleasure toward. *Vind.* Oh my Lord.

Luff. Rauiish me in thine answer, art thou rare,

Haſt thou beguilde her of ſaluation,

And rubd hell ore with hunny ; is ſhe a woman ?

Vind. In all but in Desire,

Luff. Then ſhee's in nothing, —I bate in courage now.

Vind. The words I brought,

Might well haue made indifferent honest, naught,

A right good woman in these dayes is changde,

Into white money with leſſe labour farre,

Many a Maide has turn'd to Mahomet,

With eaſier working ; I durſt undertake

Vpon the pawne and forfeit of my life,

With halfe thofe words to flat a Puritanes wife,

But ſhe is cloſe and good ; — yet 'tis a doubt by this time ; oh
the mother, the mother ?

Luff. I never thought their ſex had beeene a wonder,

Vuntill this minute ? what fruitie from the Mother ?

Vind. Now muſt I bliſter my ſoule, be forſworne,

Or shame the woman that receiu'd mee first,

I will be true, thou liuſt not to proclaine,

Spoke to a dying man, shame haſt no shame,

My Lord.

Luff. Whofe that ?

Vind. Heres none but I my Lord.

Luff. What would thy haſt vter ?

Vind. Comfort.

Luff. Welcome.

Vind. The Maide being dull, hauing no minde go euſually,

Into vñknowne lands, what did me I ſtraight.

THE REVENGERS OF TRAGEDIE.

But set spurs to the Mother; golden spurs, which a gaylor would
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice,

Luff. Itt possible that in this.

The Mother should be dambd before the daughter?

Vin. Oh, that's good manners my Lord, the Mother for her
age must goe foremost you know.

Lu. Thou'lt spoke that true but where comes in this comfort.

Vind. In a fine place my Lord---the vnnatural mother,

Did with her tong so hard be set her honor,

That the poore fool was struck to silent wonder,

Yet still the maid like an vnlighted Taper,

Was cold and chaste, saue that her Mothers breath,

Did blowe fire on her checkes, the gitle departed,

But the good antient Madam halfe mad, threwe me

These promissing words, which I tooke deeply note of;

My Lord shall be most wellcome,

Luff. Faith I thanke her,

Vin. When his pleasure conducts him this way.

Luff. That shall be soone ifath, Vind. I will sway mine owne,

Luff. Shee do's the wiser I commend her fort,

Vind. Women with women can worke best alone,

Luff. By this light and so they can, giue 'em their due, men are
not comparable to 'em.

Vind. No that's true, for you shall haue one woman knit
more in a hower then any man can Rauell agen in seauen and
twenty yeare.

Luff. Now my desires are happy, Ile make 'em free-men now,
Thou art a pretious fellow, faith I loue thee,
Be wise and make it thy reuennew, beg, leg.
What office couldst thou be Ambitious for?

Vind. Office my Lord marry if I might haue my wish I would
haue one that was never begd yea,

Luff. Nay then thou canst haue none,

Vind. Yes my Lord I could picke out another office yet, nay
and keepe a horse and drab vppont,

Luff. Prethee good bluntnes tell me.

Vind. Why I would desire but this my Lord, to haue all the
sees behind the Arras; and all the farringes that fal plumpre

THE REVENGERS VENGEANCE DYE.

about twelve a clock at night vpon the Ruffe,

Luss. Thou'rt a mad apprehensive knave, doft think to make
any great purchase of that.

Vind. Oh tis an unknowne thing my Lord, I wonder ta's been
misst so long

Luss. Well, this night ile visit her, and tis till then
A yeare in my desires--farewell, attend,
Trust me with thy preferment.

Exit.

Vind. My lou'd Lord;
Oh shall I kill him at wrong-side now, no!
Sword thou waft neuer a back-biter yet,
Ile peirce him to his face, he shall die looking vpon me,
Thy veines are sweld with lust, this shall vntill c'm,
Great men were Gods, if beggers could not kill c'm,
Forgiue me heaven, to call my mother wicked,
Oh lessin not my daies vpon the earth
I cannot honor her, by this I feare me
Hertongue has turnd my sister into vse,
I was a villaine not to be forsworne:
To this our lecherous hope, the Dukes sonne,
For Lawiers, Merchants, some diuities and all,
Count beneficall perury a sin-small,
It shall go hard yet, butile guard her honor
And keepe the portes sure?

Enter Hippol.

Hip. Brother how goes the world? I would know newes of you
But I haue newes to tell you.

Vind. What in the name of knauery?

Hipo. Knauery fayth,
This vicious old Duke's worthily abusde
The pen of his bastard writes him Cuckold!

Vind. His bastard?

Hip. Pray beleue it, he and the Duchesse,
By night meete in their linnen, they haue beeene seene
By staire-foote pandars!

Vind. Oh sin foule and deepe,
Great faults are winckt at when the Duke's a sleep,

See, see here comes she Sparis,

Hip. Monstrous Lymus!

THE BREKENER'S TRAGEDIE.

Vind. Vabrac'd two of his valiant bawdes with him.
O There's a wicked whisper; hell is in his care.
Stay let's obserue his passage.
Sp. Oh but are you sure on't.
Ser. My Lord most sure on't, for twas spoke by one
That is most inward with the Dukes sonnes lust:
That he intends within this houre to steale,
Unto Hippolitoes sister, whose chaff life
The mother has corrupted for his vife.
Sp. Sweete world, sweeter occasio, sayth then brother
Ile disinherit you in as short time
As I was when I was begot in hauy
Ile dam you at your pleasure: pretious deed
After your lust, oh twill be fine to bleede,
Come let our passing out be lost & wary. *Exeunt.*

U. Marke, shere, there, that step now to the Duches,
This their second meeting, writes the Duke Cuckold
With new additions, his hornes newly reuiu'd:
Night thou that lookst like funerall Heralds fees
Terne downe betimes ith morning, thou hangst fittly
To Grace those sins that haue no grace at all,
Now tis full sea a bed over the world,
There's iugling of all sides, some that were Maides
E'en at Sun set are now perhaps ith Toale-booke,
This woman in immodest thin apparell:
Lets in her friend by water, here a Dame
Cunning, nayles lether-hinges to a dore,
To auoide proclamation,
Now Cuckolds are a quoyngh, apace, apace, apace,
And carefull sisters spinne that thread ith night,
That does maintaine them and their bawdes iuh daie!

Hip. You flow well brother?
Vind. Puh I'me shallow yet,
Too sparing and too modeft, shall I tell thee,
If every trick were told that's dealt by night
There are few here that would not blush our right,
Hip. I am of that beleefe too.
Vind. Whose this comes,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Vind. The Dukes sonne vp so late,—brother fall back,
And you shall learne, some mischeife,—my good Lord.

Luff. Pisto, why the man I wifte for, come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest
To tast of that yong Lady?

Vind. Heart, and hell.

Hip. Damdb villaine.

Vind. I ha no way now to crosse it, but to kill him.

Luff. Come only thou and I.

Vin. My Lord my Lord.

Luff. Why doſt thou start vs?

Vind. Ide almoſt forgot—the baſtard!

Luf. What of him?

Vind. This night, this hour—this minut, now.

Luff. What? what?

Vin. Shadowes the Duchelle.

Luff. Horrible word.

Vind. And like ſtrong poſſon eates,
Into the Duke your fathers fore-head.

Luf. Oh.

Vind. He makes horne roiall.

Luf. Most ignobleſlaue?

Vind. This is the fruite of two beds.

Luf. I am mad.

Vind. That paſſage he trod warily:

Luf. He did!

Vind. And hulſt his villaines every ſtep he tooke.

Luff. His villaines!le confound them.

Vind. Take e'm finely, finely, now.

Luff. The Duchelle Chamber-doore ſhall not controule mee.

Hip. Good, happy, ſwift, there's gunpowder iſh Court, (Exeunt)
Wilde fire at mid-night, in this heedleſſe fury

He may ſhow violence to crosse himſelfe,

Ile follow the Euent.

Exit.

Luff. Where is that villaine?

Enter againe.

Vind. Sofdy my Lord and you may take e'm twiſted.

Luff. I care not how!

Vind. Oh twill be glorious,

To kill e'm doubled, when their heſpt, be ſoft my Lord.

Luff Away my ſpleene is not ſo lazy, thus and thus,

Ile ſhake their eye-lids ope, and with my ſword

Shut e'm agen for ever;—villaine, trumpet

Duk. You vpper Guard defend vs.

Duch. Treafon, treafon.

Duk. Oh take mee not in ſleepe, I haue great ſins, I muſt haue

Nay months deere ſonne, with penitentiall heauies,

To lift 'em out, and not to die vndeere,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

O thou wilt kill me both in heauen and here,

Luff. I am amased to death:

Duke. Nay villaine traytor,
Worse then the fowlest Epithite, now Ile gripe thee
Ee'n with the Nerves of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongst the Lawyers gard.

Enter Nobles and sonnes.

1. Noble. How comes the quiet of your Grace disturb'd?

Duke. This boye that should be my selfe after mee,
Would be my selfe before me, and in heate
Of that ambition bloudily rusht in
Intending to depose me in my bed?

2. Noble. Duty and naturall-loyalty for-fend.

Duke. He calld his Father villaine; and me strumpet,
A word that I abhorre to file my lips with.

Ambi. That was not so well done Brother?

Luff. I am abusde—I know ther's no excuse can do me good.

Vind. Tis now good policie to be from fight,
His vicious purpose to our sisters honour,
Is craft beyond our thought.

Hip. You little dreamt his Father slept heere.

Vind. Oh 'twas farre beyond me,
But since it fell so;—without frighe-full word,
Would he had kild him, twould haue easde our swords.

Duk. Be comforted our Duchesse, he shall dye. *dissimble a*

Luff. Where's this flauke-pander now? out of mine eye, *flugs.*
Guiltie of this abuse.

Enter Spurio with his villaines.

Spm. Yare villaines, Fabilers,
You haue knaues chins, and harlots tongues, you lie,
And I wlll dam you with one meale a day.

1. Ser. O good my Lord!

Spm. Sblood you shall never sup.

2. Ser. O I beseech you sir,

Spm. To let my sword— Catch cold so long and misse him.

1. Ser. Troth my Lord— Twas his intent ro meete there.

Spm. Heart hee's yonder?

Ha? what newes here? is the day out at-h-sodder,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

That it is Noone at Mid-night; the Court vp,
How comes the Guard so fawcie with his elbowes?

Luff. The Bastard here?

Nay then the truth of my intent shall out,
My Lord and Father heare me. *Duke.* Bearc him hence.

Luff. I can with loyaltie excuse.

Duke. Excuse? to prison with the Villaine,
Death shall not long lag after him.

Spu. Good ifaith, then 'tis not much amisse,

Luff. Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues,
I pray perswade for mee.

Ambi. It is our duties: make your selfe sure of vs.

Spu. Weele sweate in pleading.

Luff. And I may liue to thanke you. *Exeunt.*

Ambi. No, thy deaſh ſhall thanke me better.

Spu. Hee's gon: Ille after him,

And know his trespassie, ſeenie to beare a part
In all his illis, but with a *Puritane* heart.

Exit.

Amb. Now brother, let our hate and loue be wouen
So subtilly together, that in ſpeaking one word for his life,
We may make three for his death,
The crafteiſt pleader gets moft gold for brearh.

Spu. Set on, Ille not be farre behinde you brother.

Duke. If poſſible a ſonne ſhould bee diſobedient as farre as
the ſword: it is the highest he can goe no farther.

Ambi. My gratious Lord, take pitty, --- *Duke.* Pitty boyes?

Amb. Nay weed be loth to mooue your Grace too much,
Wee know the tre'passe is vnpardonable,
Black, wicked, and vnnaturall,

Spu. In a Sonne, oh Monſtrous,

Ambi. Yet my Lord,

A Dukes ſoft hand ſtoakes the rough head of law,
And makes it lye ſmooth. *Duke.* But my hand ſhall nere doot.

Ambi. That as you please my Lord.

Spu. Wee muſt needs confeſſe,
Some father would haue enterd into hate,
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes,
Hee would haſſene the execution found,

Without

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Without corrupted fauour?

Amb. But my Lord,
Your Grace may liue the wonder of all times,
In pardning that offence which never yet
Had face to beg a pardon. Duke. Hunny, how's this?

Amb. Forgiue him good my Lord, hee's your owne sonne,
And I must needs say 'twas the vildlier done.

Superv. Hee's the next heire—yet this true reason gathers,
None can possesse that dispossesse their fathers:
Be mercifull;

Duke. Here's no Step-mothers-wit,
Ile trie 'em both vpon their loue and hate.

Amb. Be mercifull—altho— Duke. You haue preualid,
My wrath like flaming waxe hath spent it selfe, (releasd.
I know 'twas but some peeuiish Moone in him: goe, let him bee
Superv. Stoote how now Brother?

Amb. Your Grace doth please to speake beside your spleene,
I would it were so happy? Duke. Why goe, release him.

Superv. O my good Lord, I know the fault's too weighty,
And full of generall loathing; too inhumaine,
Rather by all mens voyces worthy death.

Duke. Tis true too; here then, receiuē this signet, doome shall
Direct it to the Judges, he shall dye (pasie,
Ere many dayes, make hast.

Amb. All speed that may be,
We could haue wisht his burthen not so sore,
We knew your Grace did but delay before. Exeunt.

Duke. Here's Envie with a poore thin couer or't,
Like Scarlet hid in lawne, easily spide through,
This their ambition by the Mothers side,
Is dangerous, and for safetie must be purgd,
I will preuent their enuies, sure it was
But some mistaken furie in our sonne,
Which these aspiring boyes would climbe vpon:
He shall bee releasde suddainly. Enter Nobles.

1. Nob. Good morning to your Grace.

Duke. Welcome my Lords.

2. Nob. Our knees shall take away the office of our feete for

Shakes

E 2

(euer,
Vnlesse

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Vnlesse your Grace bellow a fathers eye,
Vpon the Clouded fortunes of your sonne,
And in compassionat vertue grant him that,
Which makes e'en meane men happy; liberty

Duk. How seriously their loues and honours woo
For shart, which I am about to pray them doo
Which, rise my Lords, your knees signe his release,
We freely pardon him.

1.Nob. We owe your Grace much thankes, and he much dutie.

Duk. It well becomes that ludge to nod at crimes, (Exams.
That dos commit greater himselfe and liues:

I may forgiue a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery
And in my old daies sun a youth in lust:
Many a beauty haue I turned to poyson
In the deniall, couetous of all,
Age hot, is like a Monster to be feene:
My haire are white, and yet my sinnes ate Greene.

ACT. 3.

Enter Ambitioso, and Superbus.

Say, Brother, let my opinion sway you once,
I speake it for the best, to haue him die:
Surest and soonest, if the signet come,
Vnto the judges hands, why then his doome,
Will be defernd till sittings and Court-daiies:
Iuries and further, --Payths are bought and sold,
Oths in these daies are but the skin of gold.

Amb. In troth tis true too!

Super. Then lets set by the Judges
And fall to the Officers, tis but mistaking
The Duke our fathers meaning, and where he nam'd,
Ere many daies, tis but forgetting that
And haue him die i'th morning.

Amb. Excellent,

Then am I heire--Duke in a minute.

Super. Nay,

And he were once puff out, here is a picture.

Should

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Should quickly prick your bladder.

Amb. Blast occasion,

He being packt, weel haue some trick and wile,
To winde our yonger brother out of prison,
That lies in for the Rape, the Ladies dead,
And peoples thoughts will soone be buried.

Super. We may with safty do't, and lieue and feede,
The Duchesse-sonnes are too proud to bleed,

Amb. We are yfaith to say true.—come let's not linger
Ile to the Officers, go you before,
And set an edge vpon the Executioner.

Super. Let me alone to grind him.

Exit.

Amb. Meete; farewell,

I am next now, I rise iust in that place,
Where thou'rt cut of, vpon thy Neck kind brother,
The falling of one head, lifts vp another.

Exit.

Enter with the Nobles, Lassurioso from prifon.

Lass. My Lords? I am so much indebed to your lowes,
For this, O this deliuerie.

1. Nob. But our duesies, my Lord, vnto the hopes that grows

Lass. If ere I liue to be my selfe ile thanke you, (in you,

O liberty thou sweete and heauenly Dame;

But hell for prifon is too milde a name.

Exaudi.

Enter Ambitioso, and Superuacio with Officers.

Amb. Officers? heres the Dukes signet, your firme warrant,

Brings he command of present death a long with it

Vnto our brother, the Dukes sonne; we are sory,

That we are so vnaturally employde

In such an vnkinde Office, bitter sorte

For enemies then brothers.

Super. But you know,

The Dukes command must be obayde.

1. Off. It must and shal my Lord—this moring then,
So suddainely?

Amb. I alasse poore—good—soule,
Hee must breake fast betimes, the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

2. Off. Already?

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Susp. Already isath, O sir, destruction hies,
And that is least Impudent, soone'st dyes,

I. Off. Troth you say true my Lord we take our leaues,
Our Office shall be sound, weeke not delay,
The third part of a minnute.

Amb. Therein you shewe,
Your selues good men, and vpright officers,
Pray let him die as priuat as he may,
Doe him that fauour, for the gaping people.
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse, and sweare, and so die black.
Will you be so far Kind?

I. Off. It shall be done my Lord.

Amb. Why we do thanke you, if we liue to be,
You shall haue a better office,

2. Off. Your good Lord-shippe.

Susp. Comand vs to the scaffold in our teares.

3. Off. Weele weepe and doe your commendations, *Exeunt.*

Amb. Fine fooles in office! *Susp.* Things fall out so fit.

Amb. So happily, come brother ere next clock,
His head will be made serue a bigger block. *Exeunt.*

Enter in prison Iunior Brother,

Iuni. Keeper. *Keep.* My Lord.

Iuni. No newes lately from our brotheis?

Are they vnmindfull of vs? (from 'em,

Keep. My Lord a messenger came newly in and brought this

Iuni. Nothing but paper comforts?

I look'd for my deliuerie before this,
Had they beeene worth their oths—prethee be from vs.
Now what say you forsooth, speake out I pray,

Letter. Brother be of good cheere,
Slud it begins like a whore with good cheere,

Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.

Not fwe and thirty yeare like a banqrouit, I thinke so,

We haue thought upon a deuice to get thee out by a tricke!
By a tricke, pox a your tricke and it be so long a playing.

And so rest comforted, be merry and expell all suddenely!
Be merry, hang merry, draw and quarter merry, lle be mad!

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

If not strange that a man should lie in a whole month for a woman, well, wee shall see how suddaine our brothers will bee in their promise, I must expect still a trick! I shall not bee long a prisoner, how now, what newes?

Keeper. Bad newes my Lord I am discharg'd of you.

Iunio. Slave calst thou that bad newes, I thanke you brothers.

Keep. My Lord twill proue so, here come the Officers, Into whose hands I must commit you.

Iunio. Ha, Officers, what, why?

1. *Offi.* You must pardon vs my Lo:d,
Our Office must be sound, here is our warrant
The signet from the Duke, you must straight suffer.

Iunior. Suffer? ile suffer you to be gon, ile suffer you,
To come no more, what would you haue me suffer?

2. *Offi.* My Lord those words were better chang'd to priaers,
The times but breife with you, prepare to die.

Iunior. Sure tis not so. 3. *Offi.* It is too true my Lord.

Iunior. I tell you tis not, for the Duke my father,
Deserd me till next sitting, and I looke
E'en euery minute threescore times an houre,
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.

1. *Offi.* A trick my Lord? if you expect such comfort,
Your hopes as fruitlesse as a barren woman:
Your brothers were the vnhappy messengers,
That brought this powerfull token for your death.

Iunior. My brothers, no, no.

2. *Offi.* Tis most true my Lord.

Iunior. My brothers to bring a warrant for my death:
How strange this shewes?

3. *Offi.* There's no delaying time.

Iunior. Desire e'm in hether, call e'm vp, my brothers?
They shall deny it to your faces.

* 1. *Offi.* My Lord,
They're far ynough by this, at least at Court,
And this most strickt command they left behinde e'm,
When griefe swum in their eyes, they shou'd like brothers,
Bruin-full of heawy sorrow: but the Duke
Must haue his pleasure.

Iunio. His pleasure?

1. *Offi.*

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

1. Off. These were their last words which my memory beares,
Commend us to the Scaffold in our soores.

Junior. Pox drye their teares, what should I do with teares?
I hate em worse then any Cittizens sonne
Can hate salt water; here came a letter now,
New-bleeding from their Pens, scarce stunted yet,
Would I de beene torn in peeces when I tore it,
Looke you officious whoresons words of comfort,
Not long a Prisoner.

1. Off. It sayes true in that sir, for you must suffer presently.

Junior. A villainous Duns, vpon the letter knauish exposition,
Looke you then here sir: *Weels get thes out by a trick sayes hee.*

2. Off. That may hold too sir, for you know a Trick is com-
monly foure Cardes, which was meant by vs foure officers.

Junior. Worse and worse dealing.

1. Off. The houre beckens vs,
The headf-man waites, lift vp your eyes to heauen.

Junior. I thanke you faith; good pritty-holsome counsell,
I shold looke vp to heauen as you sedd,
Whilst he behinde me cozons me of my head,
I thats the Trick. 3. Off. You delay too long my Lord.

Junior. Stay good Authorities Bastards, since I must
Through Brothers periurie dye, O let me venome
Their soules with curses. 1. Off. Come tis no time to curse.

Junior. Must I bleed then, without respect of signe? well—
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approoues,
I dye for that which every woman loues. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vindice with Hippolito his brother.

Vind. O sweete, delectable, rare, happy, rauishing,

Hip. Why what's the matter brother?

Vin. O tis able, to rauish a man spring vp, &c knock his for-head
Against yon filuar seeling.

Hip. Pre-thee tell mee,

Why may not I pertake with you? you rowde once
To give me share to euery tragick thought.

Vind. Byth' Mass I thinke I did too,

Then Ile diuide it to thee,—the old Duke
Thinking my outward shape, and inward heart

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Are cut out of one peice; (for he that presteth his secrets, by I will
His heart stands at our side) hites me by price.
To greete him with a Lady,
In some fit place vaylde from the eyes at Court,
Some darkned bushies Angle, that is guilty
Of his fore-fathers lusts, and great-folkes riotis,
To which (I easily to maintaine my shape)
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
To meeet her here in this vn-funned-lodge,
Where-in tis night at noone, and here the rather,
Because vnto the torturing of his soule,
The Bastard and the Duchesse haue appoynted
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle,
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the rest of him.

Hip. Twill yfaith, most dreadfully digested,
I see not how you could haue mist me brother.

Vind. True, but the violence of my ioy forgot it.

Hip. I, but where's that Lady now?

Vind. Oh at that word,

I'me lost againe, you cannot finde me yet
I'me in a throng of happy Apprehensions,
Hee's futed for a Lady, I haue tooke care
For a delitious lip, a sparkling eye,
You shall be witnesse brother,

Be ready stand with your hat off.

Hip. Troth I wonder what Lady it should be?
Yet tis no wonder, now I thinke againe,
To haue a Lady stoope to a Duke, that stoopes vnto his men,
Tis common to be common, through the world,
And there's more private common shadowing vices,
Then those who are knowne both by their names and pricess
Tis part of my alleagance to stand bare,
To the Dukes Concubine,—and here she comes.

Enter Vindice, with the skull of his sonne dress'd up in Tires.

Vind. Madame his grace will not be absent long
Secret? nere doubt vs Madame? twill be worth
Three velvet gownes to your Ladyship knowned

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Few Ladie respect that disgrace, a poore thin shell,
Tis the best grace you have to do it well,
Ile saue your hand that labour, ille vnmaſke you?

Hip. Why brother, brother.

Vind. Art thou beguiled now? tut, a Lady can,
At such all hid, beguile a wiser man,
Haue I not fitterd the oldfusser
With a quaint peice of beauty, age and bare bone
Are ere allied in action; here's an eye,
Able to tempt a greatman—to serue God,
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble
Me thinkes this mouth should make a sweater tremble.
A drunckard claspe his teeth, and not vndo e'm,
To suffer wet damnation to run through e'm.
Heres a cheeke keepes her colour let the winde go whiffle,
Spout Raine, we feare thee not, be hot or cold
Alls one with vs; and is not he abſur'd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That feare no other God but windē and wet.

Hip. Brother y'auē spoke that right,
Is this the forme that liuing shone so bright?

Vind. The very same,
And now me thinkes I cold e'en chide my ſelfe,
For doating on her beauty, the her death
Shall be reuenged after no common action;
Do's the Silke-worme expend her yellow labours
For thee? for thee dos ſhe vndoe her ſelfe?
Are Lord-ships fold to maintaine Lady-ships
For the poore benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why dos yon fellow falſify his ſtaies
And put hiſ life betweene the Judges lippeſ,
To refiſe ſuch a thing, keepes horſe and men
To beate their valours for her?
Surely wee're all mad people, and they
Whome we thinke are, are not, we miſtake thofe.
Tis we are iugid in ſcience, they but in clothes.

Hip. Faith and in clothes too we, giue vs our due.

Vind. Dos any proud and ſelfe-affecting Dame
Camphire

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Carnaphise her face for this? an dghter her Maker
In sinfull baths of milke, —when many an infant starues,
For her superfluous out-side, all for this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares
Musick, perfumes, and sweete-meates, all are husht,
Thou maist lie chaste now! it were fine me thinkes:
To haue thee seene at Reuells, forgetfull feasts,
And vncleane Brothells; sure twould fright the sinner
And make him a good coward, put a Reuellier,
Out off his Antick amble
And cloye an Epicure with empty dishes?
Here might a scornefull and ambitious woman,
Looke through and through her selfe, —see Ladies, with false
You deceiue men, but cannot deceiue wormes. (formes,
Now to my tragick busynesse, looke you brother,
I haue not fashioneid this onely—for show
And vselesse property, no, it shall beare a part
E'en in it owne Reuenge. This very skull,
Whose Mistris the Duke poysoned, with this drug
The mortall curse of the earth; shall be revengd
In the like straine, and kisse his lippes to death,
As much as the dumbe thing can, he shall feeles
What fayles in poyson, weele supply in steele.

Hip. Brother I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintnesse of thy malice aboue thought.

Vind. So tis layde on: now come and welcome Duke,
I haue her for thee, I protest it brother:

Me thinkes she makes almost as faire a fine
As some old gentlewoman in a Periwig?

Hide thy face now for shame, thou hadst neede haue a Maske
Tis vaine when beauty flowes, but when it fleetes (now
This would become graues better then the streetes.

Hip. You haue my voice in that; harke, the Duke's come.

Vind. Peace, let's obserue what company he brings,
And how he dos absent e'm, for you knowe

Heele with all priuate, —brother fall you back a little,
With the bony Lady.

Vind. So, so, —now 9 years vengeance crowde into a minute!

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Duk. You shall haue leau to leau vs, with this charge,
Vpon your liues, if we be mist by th' Ducheſſe
Or any of the Nobles, to giue out,
We're priuately rid forth.

Duk. With ſome few honorable gentlemen you may ſay,
You may name thoſe that are away from Court.

Gentle. Your will and pleasure ſhall be done my Lord.

Vind. Priuately rid forth,
He ſtrives to make ſure worke on't—your good grace?

Duk. Piaſo, well done haſt brought her, what Lady iſt?

Vind. Faith my Lord a Country Lady, a little baſhfull at firſt
as moſt of them are, but after the firſt kiffe my Lord the woſt iſt
paſt with them, your grace knowes now what you haue to doo;
ſha's ſome-what a grauelooke with her—but —

Duk. I loue that beſt, conduce her.

Vind. Haue at all.

Duk. In graueſt lookeſ the Greateſt faultes ſeeme leſſe
Giue me that ſin that's rob'd in Holines.

Vind. Back with the Torch; brother raife the perfumes.

Duk. How ſweete can a Duke breath? age haſt no fault,
Pleasure ſhould meeke in a perfumed mitt,
Lady ſweetely encouerted, I came from Court I muſt bee bould
with you, oh, what's this, oh!

Vind. royllall villaine, white diuill; Duke. Oh.

Vind. Brother—place the Torch here, that his affrighted eye-
May ſtar into thoſe hollowes, Duke; doſt knowe (balls
Yon dreadfull vizard, view it well, tis the ſkull
Of Gloriana, whom thou poyſonedſt laſt.

Duk. Oh, tas poyſoned me.

Vind. Didſt not know that till now?

Duk. What are you two?

Vind. Villaines all three!—the very ragged bone,
Haſ beene ſufficiently reuenged.

Duk. Oh, Hippolit o'call treaſon.

Hip. Yes my good Lord, treaſon, treaſon, treaſon. stamping
Duk. Then I me betrayde. on him.

Vind. Alaffe poore Leſter in the hands of knaues,
A blauſh Duke is baſerthen his flames.

Duke.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Duke. My teeth are eaten out. Vindice. Hadst any left.

Hip. I thinke but few.

Vindice. Then those that did eat are eaten. Duke. O my tongue.

Vindice. Your tongue? twill teach you to kisse closer,

Not like a Flobbering Dutchman, you haue eyes still:

Looke monster, what a Lady haft thou made me,

My once bethrothed wife.

Duke. Is it thou villaine, nay then---

Vindice. Tis I, 'tis Vindice, tis I.

Hip. And let this comfort thee: our Lord and Father

Fell sick vpon the infection of thy frownes,

And dyed in sadnesse; be that thy hope of life. Duke. Oh?

Vindice. He had his young, yet greefe made him die speechlesse.

Puh, tis but early yet, now ile begin

To sticke thy soule with Ulcers, I will make

Thy spirit grieuous sore, it shall not rest,

But like some pestilent man tosse in thy brest- (marke me duke)

Thou'rt a renowned, high, and mighty Cuckold. Duke. Oh!

Vindice. Thy Bastard, thy bastard rides a hunting in thy browe.

Duke. Millions of deaths.

Vindice. Nay to afflitt thee more,

Here in this lodge they meeete for damned clips,

Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.

Duke. Is there a hell besides this, villaines? Vindice. Villaine?

Nay heauen is iust, scornes are the hires of scornes,

I ne're knew yet Adulterer with-out hornes.

Hip. Once ere they dye 'tis quitted.

Vindice. Harke the musicke,

Their banquet is preparede, they're comming -----

Duke. Oh, kill me, not with that sight.

Vindice. Thou shalt not loose that sight for all thy Duke-doome,

Duke. Traytors, murderers?

Vindice. What? is not thy tongue eaten out yet?

Then weeke inuent a silence? brother stifle the Torch,

Duke. Treason, murther?

Vindice. Nay faith, weeke haue you hulft now with thy dagger

Naile downe his tongue, and mine shall keepe possession

About his heart, if hee but gaspe hee dyes,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Wee dread not death to quittance injuries;—Brother,
If he but winck,not brooking the foule obiect,
Let our two other hands teare vp his lids,
And make his eyes like Comets shine through bloud,
When the bad bleedes,then is the Tragedic good,
Hip. Whist,brother,musick's at our care,they come.

Enter the Bastard meeting the Dutchesse.

Spm. Had not that kisse a taste of sinne 'twere sweete.

Dutch. Why there's no pleasure sweet but it is finfull.

Spm. True,such a bitter sweetnesse fare hath gauen,
Best side to vs,is the worst side to heauen.

Dutch. Push,come : 'tis the old Duke thy doubtfull Father,
The thought of him rubs heauen in thy way,
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him,or ile poysion him.

Spm. Madam,you vrge a thought which nere had life,
So deadly doe I loath him for my birth,
That if hee tooke mee haspt within his bed,
I would adde murther to adultery,
And with my sword giue vp his yeares to death.

Dutch. Why now thou'lt sociable,lets in and feast,
Lowdft Musick sound : pleasure is Banquests guelt. *Exeunt.*

Duk. I cannot brooke.—*Vind.* The Brooke is turnd to bloud.

Hip. Thanks to lowd Musick. *Vind.* Twas our friend indeed,
'Tis state in Musicke for a Duke to bleed :
The Duke-dome wants a head,tho yet vnknowne,
As fast as they peepe vp,lets cut 'em downe. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Dutchesse two sonnes, Ambitioso & Supervacuo.

Amb. Was not his execution rarely plotted?

We are the Dukes sonnes now.

Super. I you may thanke my policie for that.

Amb. Your policie,for what?

Super. Why wast not my inuention brother,
To slip the judges, and in lesser compasse,
Did not I draw the modell of his death,
Aduizing you to suddaine officers,
And een extemporal execution.

Amb. Heart,twas a thing I thought on too.

Super.

THE ENEMIES TRAGEDIE.

Syp. You thought on't too, soote slander not your thoughts
With glorious vnruth, I know twas from you.

Amb. Sir I say, twas in my head.

Spu. I like your braines then,
Nere to come out as long as you liu'd.

Amb. You'd haue the honor on't forsooth, that your wit
Lead him to the scaffold,

Syp. Since it is my due,
Ile publisht, but Ile ha't in spite of you.

Amb. Me thinkes y'are much too bould, you should a little
Remember vs brother, next to be honest Duke.

Syp. I, it shall be as easie for you to be Duke,
As to be honest, and that's never ifaith.

Amb. Well, cold he is by this time, and because
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,

And let the glory be sharde equally. *Syp.* I am content to that.

Amb. This night out yonger brother shall out of prison,
I haue a trick. *Syp.* A trick, pre-thee what ist?

Amb. Weele get him out by a wile. *Syp.* Pre-thee what wile?

Amb. No sir, you shall not know it, tillt be done,
For then you'd sweare twere yours.

Syp. How now, whats he? *Amb.* One of the officers.

Syp. Desired newes. *Amb.* How now my friend?

Off. My Lords, vnder your pardon, I am allotted

To that deserteſſe office, to present you

With the yet bleeding head. *Syp.* Ha,ha, excellent.

Amb. All's ſure out owne Brother, canſt weepe thinkſt thou?
Twould grace our Flattery much; thinkē of ſome Dame,
Twill teach thee to diſemble.

Syp. I haue thought, --Now for your ſelfe.

Amb. Our ſorrowes are ſo fluent,
Our eyes ore-flow our youngs, words ſpoake in teares,
Are like the murmures of the waters, the ſound
Is lowly heard, but cannot be diſtinguiſhē.

Syp. How dyed he pray? *Off.* Of full of rage and ſpleene.

Syp. He dyed moſt valiantly then, we're glad to heare it.

Off. We could not woe him once to pray. (due.

Amb. He ſhowd himſelfe a Gentleman in that, give him his

Off. But

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Off. But in the stede of prayser, he drew forth oads,
Sup. Then did hee pray deere heart,

Although you vnderstood him not.

Off. My Lords,

E'en at his last, with pardon bee it speake,
Hee curst you both,

Sup. Hee curst vs? lasse good soule.

Amb. It was not in our powers, but the Dukes pleasure,
Finely dissembled a both-sides, sweete fate,

O happy opportunitie.

Enter Lusurioso.

Luss. Now my Lords.

Both. Oh I —————

Luss. Why doe you shunne mee Brothers?

You may come neerer now;

The sauer of the prison has for-sooke mee,

I thanke such kinde Lords as your selues, lime free.

Amb. Alius!

Sup. In health!

Amb. Releas'd?

We were both ee'n amazd with ioy to see it,

Luss. I am much to thanke you.

Sup. Faith we spar'd no young, vnto my Lord the Duke.

Amb. I know your deliuery brother

Had not beene halfe so sudden but for vs.

Sup. O how we pleaded. Luss. Most deseruing brothers,
In my best studies I will thinke of it? Exit Luss.

Amb. O death and vengeance.

Sup. Hell and torments.

Amb. Slave canst thou to delude vs.

Off. Delude you my

Sup. I villaine, where's this head now? (Lords)

Off. Why heere my Lord,

Iust after his deliuery, you both came

With warrant from the Duke to be-head your brother.

Amb. I, our brother, the Dukes sonne.

Off. The Dukes sonne my Lord, had his release before you

Amb. Whose head's that then? (came,

Off. His whom you left command for, your owne brothers?

Amb. Our brothers? oh furies —————

Sup. Plagues.

Amb. Confusions.

Sup. Darkenesse.

Amb. Devils.

Sup. Fell it out so accursedly?

Amb. So damnedly.

Sup.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Snp. Villaine Ile brainē thee with it, *Off.* O my good Lord!

Snp. The Diuill ouer-take thee? *Amb.* O fatall,

Snp. O prodigious to our blouds. *Amb.* Did we dissemble?

Snp. Did we make our teares woemen for thee?

Amb. Laugh and rejoyce for thee.

Snp. Bring warrant for thy death. *Amb.* Mock off thy head

Snp. You had a trick, you had a wile forsooth.

Amb. A murther meete 'em, there's none of these wiles that
ever come to good: I see now, there is nothing sur in mortali-
tie, but mortalitie, well, no more words shalbe reuengd ifaith.

Come, throw off clouds now brother, thinke of vengeance,

And deeper secked hate, firrah sit fast,

Weele pull downe all, but thou shalt downe at laft. *Exeunt.*

ACT 4. SCENE 1.

Enter Lussurioso with Hippolito.

Luff. Hippolito. *Hip.* My Lord:

Has your good Lordship ought to command me in?

Luff. I pre-thee leauē vs.

Hip. How's this? come and leauē vs? *Luff.* Hippolito.

Hip. Your honor—I stand ready for any dutious emploiment.

Luff. Heart, what makst thou here?

Hip. A pritty Lordly humor: (honor?)

He bids me to bee present, to depart; some-thing has stung his

Luff. Bee neerer, draw neerer:

Ye're not so good me thinkes, I'me angry with you.

Hip. With me my Lord? I'me angry with my selfe fort.

Luff. You did preferre a goodly fellow to me,

Twas wittily elected, twas, I thought

Had beene a villaine, and he prooues a Knaue?

To mee a Knaue.

Hip. I chosē him for the best my Lord,

Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him, breed discontent in you.

Luff. Neglect, twas will: Judge of it,

Firmely to tell of an incredible Act,

Not to be thought, lesse to be spoken of,

Twixt my Step-mother and the Bastard, oh,

Incessuous sweete betweene 'em;

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Hip. Fye my Lord.

Luf. I in kinde loyaltie to my fathers fore-head,
Made this a desperare arme, and in that furie,
Committed treason on the lawfull bed,
And with my sword een rac'd my fathers bosomie,
For which I was within a stroake of death.

Hip. Alack, I me sotry ; I soote iust vpon the stroake,
Iars in my brother, twill be villanous Musick.

Vind. My honored Lord. Enter Vind. (thee,

Luf. Away pre-thee forsake vs, heereafter weeke not know
Vind. Not know me my Lord, your Lorship cannot choose.

Luf. Begon I say, thou art a false knaue.

Vind. Why the easier to be knowne, my Lord.

Luf. Push, I shall prooue too bitter with a word,
Make thee a perpetuall prisoner,
And laye this yron age vpon thee,

Vind. Mum, for theres a doome would make a woman dum,
Miffing the bastard next him, the windes comes about,
Now tis my brothers turne to stay, mine to goe our. Exit Vind.

Luf. Has greatly mouid me. Hip. Much to blame ifaith.

Luf. Cut ile recouer, to his ruine : twas told me lately,
I know not whether falllie, that you'd a brother,

Hip. Who I, yes my good Lord, I haue a brother

Luf. How chance the Court weete saw him ? of what nature?
How does he ap, ly his houres ?

Hip. Faith to curse Fates,

Who, as he thinkes, ordaind him to be poore,
Keepes at home full of want and discontent.

Luf. There's hope in him, for discontent and want
Is the best clay to mould, a villainie off,

Hippolito, wish him repaire to vs.

If there be ought in him to please our bloud,
For thy sake weele aduance him, and build faire

His meanest fortunes : for it is in vs

To reare vp Towers from cottages.

Hip. It is so my Lord, he will attend your honour,
But hees a man, in whom much melancholy dwells.

Luf. Why the better : bring him to Cour.

Hip.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Hip. With willingnesse and speed,
Whom he cast off een now, must now succeed,
Brother disguise must off,
In thine owne shape now, ile prefer thee to him :
How strangely does himselfe worke to vndo him. *Exit.*

Luff. This fellow will come fitly, he shall kill,
That other slave, that did abuse my spleene,
And made it swell to Treason, I haue put
Much of my heart into him, hee must dye.
He that knowes great mens secrets, and proves slight,
That man nere liues to see his Beard turne white :
I he shall speede him : Ile employ thee brother,
Slaves are but Nayles, to drive out one another ?
Hee being of black condition, suitable
To want and ill content, hope of preferment
Will grinde him to an Edge—The Nobles enter.

1. Good dayes vnto your honour.

Luff. My kinde Lords, I do returne the like.

2. Sawe you my Lord the Duke ?

Luff. My Lord and Father, is he from Court ?

1. Hees sure from Court,

But where, which way, his pleasure tooke we know not,
Nor can wee heare ont.

Luff. Here come those should tell,
Sawe you my Lord and Father ?

3. Not since two houres before noone my Lord,
And then he priuately ridde forth.

Luf. Oh hees rod forth,

1. Twas wondrous priuately,

2. Theres none ith Court had any knowledge ont.

Luf. His Grace is old, and sudden, tis no treason
To say, the Duke my Father has a humor,
Or such a Toye about him ; what in vs
Woulde appeare light, in him seemes vertuous.

3. Tis Oracle my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Vindice and Hippolito, Vind. out of his disguise.

Hip. So, so, all's as it should be, y'are your selfe.

Vind. How that great-villaine puts me to my shifs.

Hip.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Hip. Hee that did lately in disguize relee& thee ;
Shall now thou art thy selfe, as much respect thee.

Vind. Twill be the quainter fallacie ; but brother,
Sfoote what vse will hee put me to now thinkst thou ?

Hip. Nay you must pardon me in that, I know not :
H'as some employmēt for you : but what tis
Hee and his Secretary the Diuell knowes best.

Vind. Well I must iuite my toung to his desires,
What colour so ere they be ; hoping at last
To pile vp all my wishes on his breſt,

Hip. Faith Brother he himſelfe ſhowes the way.

Vind. Now the Duke is dead, the realme is elad in claye :
His death being not yet knowne, vnder his name
The people ſtill are gouernd; well, thou his ſonne
Att not long-liu'd, thou ſhalt not ioy his death :
To kill thee then, I ſhould moft honour thee ;
For twould ſtand firme in every mans beliefe,
Thou ſt a kinde child, and onely dyedſt with griefe.

Hip. You fetch about well, but lets talke in preſent,
How will you appear in fashion diſferent,
As well as in apparel, to make all things poſſible :
If you be but once tript, wee fall for euer.
It is not the leaſt pollicie to bee doubtfull,
You muſt change tongue : familiar was your firſt.

Vind. Why Ile beare me in ſome ſtraine of melancholie,
And ſtring my ſelfe with heauy sounding Wyre,
Like ſuch an Inſtrument, that ſpeakes merry thiſgs ſadly.

Hip. Then tis as I meant,
I gaue you out at firſt in diſcontent.

Vind. Ile turne my ſelfe, and then —————

Hip. Sfoote here he comes : haſt thought vppont.

Vind. Salute him, feare not me. Luff. Hippolito.

Hip. Your Lordship. Luff. What's he yonder ?

Hip. Tis Vindici, my diſcontented Brother,
Whom, according to your will I'au'e brought to Court.

Luff. Is that thy brother? beſhrew me, a good preſence,
I wonder h'as beeene from the Court ſo long?
Come neerer.

Hip Brother

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Hip. Brother, Lord *Lussario* the Duke sonne. *Snatches of Luss.* Be more neere to vs, welcome, neerer yet, *bis bat and Vind.* How don you god you god den, *makes legs to him.*

Luss. We thanke thee?

How strangly such a course-homely salute,
Showes in the Pallace, where we grecce in fire:
Nimble and desperate tongues, should we name,
God in a salutation, twould neere be flood on't,-heauen!
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy.

Vind. Why, going to Law.

Luss. Why will that make a man melancholy?

Vind. Yes, to looke long vpon inck and black buckrom--I went mee to law in *Anno Quadragesimo secundus*, and I waded out of it, in *Anno sextagesimo tertio*.

Luss. What, three and twenty years in law?

Vind. I haue knowne those that haue beene fiftie and fifty, and all about Pullin and Pigges.

Luss. May it bee possible such men should breath,
To vex the Tearmes so much. *Vin.* Tis foode to some my Lord.
There are olde men at the present, that are so poysoned
with the affectatiō of law-words, (hauing had many fuites can-
vast,) that their common talke is nothing but Barbery lattin:
they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sinnes may
be remou'd, with a writ of Error, and their soules fetcht vp to
heauen, with a safarara.

Hip. It seemes most strange to me,
Yet all the world meetes round in the same bent:
Where the hearts set, there goes the tongues consent,
How dost apply thy studyes fellow?

Vind. Study why to thinke how a great rich man lies a dying,
and a poore Cobler toales the bell for him? how he cannot de-
part the world, and see the great chest stand before him, when
hee lies speechlesse, how hee will point you readily to all the
boxes, and when hee is past all memory, as the gosseps gesse,
then thinkes hee of soffertures and obligations, nay when to all
mens hearings he whurles and rotles in the throat hee's bus-
sie threatening his poore Tennants? and this would last me now
some seauen yeares thinking or there abouts? but, I haue a

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Conceit a comming in picture vpon this, I drawe it my selfe,
which ifaith la ile present to your honor, you shall not chose
but like it for your Lordship shall giue me nothing for it,

Lusf. Nay you mistake me then,
For I am publisht bountifull inough,
Lets tast of your conceit.

Vin. In picture my Lord. Lusf. In picture,
Vin. Marry this it is---- *A vsuring Father to be boyling in hell,
and his sonne and Heire with a Whore dancing ouer him.*

Hip. Has par'd him to the quicke.
Lusf. The conceit's pritty ifaith,
But tak't vpon my life twill nere be likt.

Vind. No, why Ime sure the whore will be likt well enough.
Hip. I if she were out at picture heede like her then himselfe.
Vin. And as for the sonne and heire, he shall be an eyefore to
no young Reuellers, for hee shall bee drawne in cloth of gold
breeches.

Lusf. And thou hast put my meaning in the pock
And canst not draw that out, my thought was this, etc
To see the picture of a vsuring fat her
Boyling in hell, our richmen would nere like it,

Vin. O true I cry you heartily mercy I know the reason, for
some of em had rather be dambd indeed, thē dambd in colours.

Lusf. A parlous melancholy, has wit enough,
To murder any man, and ile give him meanes,
I thinke thou art ill monied;

Vin. Money, ho, ho,
Tas beene my want so long, tis now my scoffe.
Iue ene forgot what colour siluers off,

Lusf. It hits as I could wish, Vin. I get good cloths,
Of those that dread my humour, and for table-roome,
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me,

Lusf. Somewhat to set thee vp withall,
Vin. O mine eyes, Lusf. How now man.

Vin. Almost strucke blind,
This bright vnusuall shine, to me seemes proud,
I dare not looke till the sunne be in a cloud,

Lusf. I thinke I shall affecte his melancholy,
How

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

How are they now. *Vin.* The better for you tasking.

Luf. You shall be better yet if you but fasten,
Truly on my intent, now yare both present
I will vnbrace such a cloſſe priuate villayne,
Vnto your vengfull ſwords, the like ne're heard of,
Who hath diſgrac'd you much and iniur'd vs,

Hip. Diſgraced vs my Lord?

Luf. I Hippolito.

I kept it here till now that both your angers,
Might meeete him at once,

Vin. Im'e couetuous,
To know the villayne,

Luf. You know him that flauſe Pandar,
Piat. whome we threatened laſt
With ironſ in perpetuall priſonment;

Vin. All this is I. *Hip.* Iſt he my Lord?

Luf. Ile tell you, you firſt preferd him to me.

Vin. Did you brother. *Hip.* I did indeed?

Luf. And the ingreatfull villayne,
To quit that kindnesſ strongly wrought with me,
Being as you ſee a likely man for pleasure,
With jewelſ to corrupt your virgin ſifter.

Hip. Oh villaine, *Vin.* He ſhall surely die that did it.

Luf. I far from thinking any Virgin harme,
Eſpecially knowing her to be as chalſt
As that paſt which ſcarce ſuffers to be toucht,
Th' eye would not endure him,

Vin. Would you not my Lord,
Twas wondrouſ honorably donne,

Luf. But with ſome fiew ſrownes kept him out,

Vin. Out flauſe.

Luf. What did me he but in reuenge of that,
Went of his owne free will to make infirme,
Your ſisters honor, whome I honor with my ſoule,
For chalſt respect, and not preſſayling there,
(As twas but desperate folly to attempt it,)
In meree ſpleene, by the way, way laies your mother,
Whose honor being a coward as it ſeemes,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

- Yeelded by little force. *Vind.* Coward indeed.
Luss. He proud of their aduantage, (as he thought)
Brought me these newes for happy, but I, heauen forgive mee
Vind. What did your honour. (for't.
Luss. In rage pusht him from mee.
Trampled beneath his throate, spurnd him, and bruizzd :
Indeed I was too cruell to say troth.
Hip. Most Nobly manag'de.
Vind. Has not heauen an eare? Is all the lightning wasted?
Luss. If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,
What should you be?
Vind. Full mad, he shall not liue
To see the Moone change.
Luss. He's about the Pallace,
Hippolito intice him this way, that thy brother
May take full marke of him.
Hip. Heart?—that shall not neede my Lord,
I can direct him so far.
Luss. Yet for my hates sake,
Go, winde him this way, while see him bleede my selfe.
Hip. What now brother?
Vind. Nay e'en what you will—y'are put to't brother?
Hip. An impossible taske, Ile swaere,
To bring him hither, that's already here. *Exit Hippo.*
Luss. Thy name, I haue forgot it? *Vind.* Vindice my Lord.
Luss. Tis a good name that. *Vind.* I, a Revenger.
Luss. It dos betoken courage, thon shouldest be valiant,
And kill thine enemies. *Vind.* Thats my hope my Lord.
Luss. This flauie is one. *Vind.* Ile doome him.
Luss. Then ile praise thee?
Do thou obserue me best, and Ile best raise thee. *Enter Hip.*
Vind. Indeed, I thankē you.
Luss. Now Hippolito, where's the flauie Pandar?
Hip. Your good Lordship,
Would haue a loathsome fight of him, much offensiuē?
Hee's not in case now to be seene my Lord,
The worst of all the deadly sinnes is in him:
That beggerly damnation, drunke[n]esse. *Luss.*

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Luff. Then he's a double-slave.

Vind. Twas well conuaide, vpon a suddaine wit.

Luff. What, are you both,
Fitmely resolud, i lie see him dead my selfe.

Vind. Or else, let not vs liue.

Luff. You may direct your brother to take note of him.

Hip. I shall,

Luff. Rise but in this, and you shall neuer fall.

Vind. Your honours Vassayles.

Luff. This was wisely carried,
Deepe policie in vs, makes fooles of such:

Then must a slaye die, when he knowes too much. *Exe. Luff.*

Vind. O thou almighty patience, tis my wonder,
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,

Should not be clouen as he stood:

Or with a secret winde burst open!

Is there no thunder left, or ist kept vp

In stock for heauier vengeance, there it goes!

Hip. Brother we loose our selues?

Vind. But I haue found it,

Twill hold, tis sure, thankes, thankes to any spirit,

That mingled it mongst my inuentiones.

Hip. What ist?

Vind. Tis found, and good, thou shalt pertake it,

I me hir'd to kill my selfe.

Hip. True.

Vind. Pree-thee marke it,

And the old Duke being dead, but not conuaide,

For he's already mist too, and you know:

Murder will peepe out of the closest huske.

Hip. Most true?

Vind. What say you then to this deuice,

If we drest vp the body of the Duke.

Hip. In that disguise of yours,

Vind. Y'are quicke, y'au'e reacht it.

Hip. I like it wonderously.

Vind. And being in drinck, as you haue publischt him,

To leane him on his elbowe, as if sleepe had caught him;

Which claimes most interest in such fuggy men.

Hip. Good yet, but here's a doubt,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Me thought by'th Dukes sonne to kill that pandar,
Shall when he is knowne be thought to kill the Duke.

Vind. Neither, O thankes, it is substantiall
For that disguize being on him, which I wore,
It wil be thought I, which he calls the Pandar, did kil the Duke,
& fled away in his apparell, leauing him so disguiz'd, to auoide
swift pursuite *Hip.* Firmer, and firmer.

Vind. Nay doubt not tis in graine, I warrant it hold colour.
Hip. Lets about it.

Vind. But by the way too, now I thinke on'r, brother,
Let's coniure that base diuill out of our Mocher. *Excus.*
Enter the Dukes armes in armes with the Bastard: he seemeth lasciu-
mously to her, after them, *Enter Superuacuo, running with a ra-*
pier, his Brother stops him.

Spiri. Madam, vnlock your selfe, should it be seene,
Your arme would be suspected.

Duch. Who ist that dates suspect, or this, or these?
May not we deale our fauours where we please?

Spiri. I'me, confident, you may. *Excus.*

Amb. Sfoot brother hold.

Spiri. Wouldest let the Bastard shame vs?

Amb. Hold, hold, brother? there's fitter time then now.

Spiri. Now when I see it. *Amb.* Tis too much seene already.

Spiri. Seene and knowne,

The Nobler she's, the baser is shee growne.

Amb. If she were bent lasciuiously, the fault
Of mighty women, that sleepe soft, —O death,
Must she needes chuse such an vnequall finner?
To make all worse.

Spiri. A Bastard, the Dukes Bastard, Shame heapt on shame.

Amb. O our disgrace.
Most women haue small waste the world through-out,
But there desires are thousand miles abouer. *Excus.*

Spiri. Come stay not here, lets after, and preuent,
Or els theile sinne faster then weeke repent.

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, bringing out there Mother
one by one shoulder, and the other by the ether, with
daggers in their bands.*

Vind.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Vind. O thou for whom no name is bad ynoch.

Moth. What meanes my sonnes what will you murder me?

Vind. Wicked vnnaturall Parents.

Hip. Feend of women.

Moth. Oh! are sonnes turnd monsters? helpe,

Vind. In vaine.

Moth. Are you so barbarous to set Iron nipples
Upon the brest that gaue you suck.

Vind. That brest,

Is turnd to Quarled poyson.

Moth. Cut not your daies for't, am not I your mother?

Vind. Thou doft vsuē pe that title now by fraud
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawde.

Moth. A bawde? O name far loathesomer then hell.

Hip. It shold be so knewst thou thy Office well.

Moth. I hate it.

Vind. Ah iſt poſſible, *Thou onely*, you powers on hie,
That women ſhould diſemblē when they die.

Moth. Diſemblē.

Vind. Did not the Dukes ſonne direct
A fellow, of the worlds condition, hither,
That did corrput all that was good in thee?
Made thee vnciuilly forget thy ſelfe,
And worke our ſister to his luſt.

Moth. Who I,

That had beeene monſtrous? I defie that man:
For any ſuch intent, none liues ſo pure,
But ſhall be ſoil'd with flander, —good ſonne belieue it neſt;

Vind. Oh I'me in doubt,
Whether I'me my ſelfe, or no,
Stay, let me looke agen vpon this face.
Who ſhall be ſau'd when mothers haue no grace.

Hip. Twould make one halfe diſpair.

Vind. I was the man,
Defie me, now? lets ſee, do't modeſtly.

Moth. O hell vnto my ſoule.

Vind. In that diſguize, I ſent from the Dukes ſonne,
Tryed you, and found you base mettell,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

As any villaine might haue donne.

Mo. O no, no tongue but yours could haue bewitcht me so.

Vind. O nimble in damnation, quick in tune,
There is no diuill could strike fire so soone:

I am confuted in a word,

Mot. Oh sonnes, forgiue me, to my selfe ile prove more true,
You that should honor me, I kneele to you.

Vind. A mother to giue ayme to her owne daughter.

Hip. True brother, how far be yond nature 'tis,
Tho many Mothers do't.

Vind. Nay and you draw teares once, go you to bed,
Wet will make yron blushe and change to red:
Brother it raines, twill spoile your dagger, house it.

Hip. Tis done.

Vin. Yfaith tis a sweete shower, it dos much good,
The fruitfull grounds, and meadowes of her soule,
Has beene long dry: powre downe thou blessed dew,
Rise Mother, troth this shower has made you higher.

Mot. O you heauens? take this infectious spot out of my soule,
Ile rence it in seauen waters of mine eyes?
Make my teares salt ynough to taft of grace,
To weepe, is to our fexe: naturally giuen:
But to weepe truely that's a gift from heauen?

Vind. Nay Ile kisse you now: kisse her brother?
Lets marry her to our soules, wherein's no lust,
And honorably loue her.

Hip. Let it be.

Vind. For honest women are so sild and rare,
Tis good to cherish those poore few that are.
Oh you of easie waxe, do but imagine

Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That Office would haue cling'd vnto your forehead,
All mothers that had any gracefull hue,
Would haue worné maskes to hide their face at you:
It would haue growne to this, at your foule name;
Greene-colour'd maides would haue turnd red with shame?

Hip. And then our sister full of hire, and bassenesse.

Vind. There had beene boyling lead agen,
The dukes sonnes great Concubine:
A dtab of State, a cloath a siluer flur,

To

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDYE.

To haue her traine borne vp, and her soule traile i' th dust ; great .

Hip. To be miserably great, rich to be eternally wretched.

Vind. O common madnesse :

Aske but the thriuengt harlot in cold bloud,

Sheed giue the world to make her honour good,

Perhaps youle say but onely to th Dukes sonne,

In priuate ; why, shee first begins with one,

Who afterward to thousand prooues a whore :

, Breake Ice in one place, it will crack in more.

Mother. Most certainly applyed ?

Hip. Oh Brother, you forget our businesse.

Vind. And well remembred, joye's a subtille else,

I thiak man's happiest, when he forgets himselfe :

Farewell once dried, now holy-watred Meade,

Our hearts weare Feathers, that before wore Lead.

Mother. Ile giue you this, that one I never knew

Plead better, for, and gainst the Diuill, then you.

Vind. You make me proud ont.

Hip. Commend vs in all vertue to our Sister.

Vind. I for the loue of heauen, to that true maide.

Mother. With my best words,

Vind. Why that was motherly sayd. Exeunt.

Mother. I wonder now what fury did transport me?

I feele good thoughts begin to settle in me.

Oh with what fore-head can I looke on her ?

Whose honor I'ue so impiouslie beset,

And here shee comes,

Cast. Now mother, you haue wrought with me so strongly,

That what for my aduancement, as to calme

The trouble of your tongue : I am content.

Mother. Content, to what ?

Cast. To do as you haue wisht me,

To prostitute my brest to the Dukes sonne :

And put my selfe to common Visury.

Mother. I hope you will not so.

Cast. Hope you I will not ?

That's not the hope you looke to be saued in.

Mother. Truth but it is, by causynge off your selfe.

Cast. Do

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Casf. Do not deceiue your selfe,
I am, as you cen out of Marble wrought,
What would you now, are yee not pleasede yet with me,
You shall not wish me to be more lasciuious
Then I intend to be. *Mother.* Strike not me cold,

Casf. How often haue you chargd me on your blessing
To be a cursed woman—when you knew,
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laide your curse vpon me, that did more,
The mothers curse is heauy, where that fights,
Sonnes set in storme, and daughters loose their lights?

Moth. Good childe, deare maide, if there be any sparke
Of heavenly intellectuall fire within thee, oh let my breath,
Reuiue it to a flame:
Put not all our, with womans wilfull follies,
I am recouerid of that foule disease
That haunts too many mothers, kinde forgiue me,
Make me not sick in health? —if then
My words preuailde when they were wickednesse,
How much more now when they are iust and good?

Casf. I wonder what you meane, are not you she
For whose infect persualsions I could scarce
Kneele out my prayers, and had much adoo
In three hours reading, to vntwist so much
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me.

Moth. Tis vnfruitfull, held tedious to repeate whats past,
Ime now your present Mother. *Casf.* Push, now 'tis too late,
Moth. Bethinke agen, thou knowst not what thou sayft.

Casf. No, deny aduancement, treasure, the Dukes sonne,

Moth. O see, I spoke those words, and now they poysone me:
What will the deed do then?

Aduancement, true: as high as shame can pitch,
For Treasure; who ere knew a harlot rich?
Or coul'd build by the purchase of her finnes,
An hospitall to keepe their bastards in: The Dukes sonne,
Oh when woemen are yong Courtiers, they are sure to be old
To know the miseries most harlots taste, (beggar,
Thoudst wish thy selfe vnborne, when thou art unchaist.

Casf. O mother let me twine about your necke,

And

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

And kisse you till my soule melt on your lips,

I did but this to tri you. *Mot.* O speake truth.

Cas. Indeed I did not, for no tong has force to alter me from
If maydens would, mens words could haue no power, (honest
A virgin honor is a christall Tower.

Which being weake is guarded with good spirits,
Vntill she basely yeelds no ill inherites.

Mot. O happy child! faith and thy birth hath sauied me,

Mongst thoulant daughters happiest of all others,

Buy thou a glasse for maides, and I for moothers. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vindice and Hippolito.

Vin. So, so, he leanes well, take heed you wake him not bro-
Hip. I warant you my life for yours. (ther

Vin. Thats a good lay, for I must kill my selfe?

Brother tharts I:that fits for me:do you marke it,
And I must stand ready here to make away my selfe yonder—I
must fit to bee kild, and stand to kill my selfe, I could varry it
not so little as thrice ouer agen , tas some eight returnes like
Michelmas Tearme. *Hip.* Thats enow a conscience,

Vind. But firrah dos the Dukes sonne come single?

Hip. No, there's the hell on't, his faith's too feeble to go alone?
hee brings flesh-flies after him, that will buzz against supper
time, and hum fot his comming out.

Vind. Ah the fly-flop of vengeance beate 'em to pecces? here
was the sweetest occasion, the fittest houre, to haue made my
reueng familiar with him, shew him the body of the Duke his
father, and how quaintly he died like a Polititian in hugger-
mugger, made no man acquainted with it , and in Catastrope
slaine him ouer his fathers brest, and oh I'm mad to loose such a
sweete opportunity.

Hip. Nay push , pree-thee be content ! there's no remedy pre-
sent, may not hereafter times open in as faire faces as this.

Vind. They may if they can paint so well?

Hip. Come, now to awoide al suspition,lets forsake this roome,
and be going to meeete the Dukes sonne. (comes? *Ent.* Lust,

Vind. Content, I'me for any wether? heart sttep close, here hee
Hip. My honord Lord? *Lust.* Oh me you both present,

Vin. E'en newly my Lord, iust as your Lordship enterd now?—
bout this place we had notice giuen hee should bee, but in some
loathsome plight or other.

Hip.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Hip. Can e your honour prouide?

Luf. Priuate enough for this : onely a few
Attend my comming out. *Hip.* Death rotte those few.

Luf. Stay yonder's the slau'e.

Vind. Massie there's the slau'e indeed my Lord ;
Tis a good child, he calls his Father slau'e.

Luf. I, that's the villaine, the dambd villaine : softly,
Tread easie.

Vin. Puh, I warrant you my Lord, weele stifle in our breaths.

Luf. That will do well :
Base roague, thou sleepest thy last, tis policie,
To haue him killd in's sleepe, for if he wakt
Hee would betray all to them.

Vind. But my Lord. *Luf.* Ha, what sayst ?

Vind. Shall we kill him now hees drunke ? *Luf.* I best of all,

Vind. Why then hee will nere liue to be sober ?

Luf. No matter, let him reele to hell.

Vind. But being so full of liquor, I feare hee will put out all
Luf. Theu art a mad breſt. (the fire,

Vin. And leau'e none to warne your Lordships Gols withall;
For he that dyes drunke, falls into hell fire like a Bucket a water,
quish, quish.

Luf. Come be ready, take your ſwords, thinke of your wrongs.
This slau'e has iniur'd you.

Vind. Troth ſo he has, and he has paide well ſort.

Luf. Meete with him now.

Vin. Youle beare vs out my Lord ?

Luf. Puh, am I a Lord for nothing thinke you, quickly, now.

Vind. Sa, fa, fa : thumpe, there he lyes.

Luf. Nimblly done, ha ? oh, villaines, murdererſ,
Tis the old Duke my father. *Vind.* That's a ieft.

Luf. What ſtiffe and colde already ?

O pardon me to call you from your names :

Tis none of your deed, --that villaine *Pizarro*

Whom you thought now to kill, has murderd him,
And left him thus diſguizd. *Hip.* And not vnlikelie.

Vind. O rafcall was he nor afhamde,
To put the Duke into a greateſt doublter.

Luf.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Luf. He has beene cold and stiffe who knowes, how long?

Vind. Marry that do I.

Luf. No words I pray, off any thing entended:

Vind. Oh my Lord.

Hip. I would faine haue your Lordship thinke that we haue
small reason to prate.

Luf. Faith thou sayst true: ile forth-with send to Court,
For all the Nobles, Bastard, Duchesse, all?
How here by miracle wee fround him dead,
And in his rayment that foule villaine fled.

Vind. That will be the best way my Lord, to cleere vs all: lets
cast about to be cleere.

Luf. Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest.

Enter all.

1. My Lord. 2. My Lord.

Luf. Be witnessess of a strange spectacle:
Choosing for priuate conference that sad roome
We found the Duke my father gealde in bloud.

1. My Lord the Duke—run hie thee Nencio,
Startle the Court by signifying so much.

Vind. Thus much by wit a deepe Revenger can:
When murders knowne, to be the cleerest man
We're fordest off, and with as bould an eye,
Survey his body at the flanders by.

Luf. My roiall father, too basely let bloud,
By a maleuolent slave.

Hip. Harke? he calls thee slave agen. Vind. Ha's lost, he may.

Luf. Oh sight, looke hether, see, his lips are gnawn with poyson.

Vind. How—his lips by th maffe they bee.

Luf. O villaine—O roague—O slave—O rascall:

Hip. O good deceite, he quits him with like tearmes.

1. Where. 2. Which way.

Amb. Ouer what roose hangs this prodigious Comet,
In deadly fire.

Luf. Behold, behold my Lords the Duke my fathers murdred
by a vassaile, that owes this habit, and here left disfiside.

Duch. My Lord and husband. 2. Reuerend Maiestie.

1. I haue seene these cloths, often attending on him.

Vind. That Nobleman, has bin ith Country, for he dos not lie?

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Spr. Leatne of our mother lets dissemble to,
I am glad hee's vanish't; so I hope are you?

Amb. I you may take my word for't.

Spr. Old Dad, dead?

I, one of his cast sinnes will send the Fates
Most hearty commendations by his owne sonne,
Ile tug in the new streme, till strength be done.

Luf. Where be those two, that did affirme to vs?
My Lord the Duke was priuately rid forth?

i. O pardon vs my Lords, hee gave that charge
Vpon our liues, if he were mist at Court,
To answer so; hee rode not any where,
We left him priuate with that fellow here? *Vind.* Confirmde.

Luf. O heauens, that false charge was his death,
Impudent Beggars, durst you to our face,
Maintaine such a false answer? bear him straight to execution.

i. My Lord? *Luf.* Urge me no more.
In this the excuse, may be cal'd halfe the murther?

Vind. Yo'ue sentencde well.

Luf. Away see it be done.

Vind. Could you not stick: see what confession doth?
Who would not lie when men are hangd for truth?

Hip. Brother how happy is our vengeance.

Vin. Why it hits, past the apprehension of indifferent wits.

Luf. My Lord let post horse be sent,
Into all placesto intrap the villainie,

Vin. Post-horse ha ha.

Nob. My Lord, we're som-thing bould to know our duety?
Your fathers accidentally departed,
The titles that were due to him, meeete you.

Luf. Meete me? I me not at leisure my good Lord,
I'ue many greefes to dispatch out ath way:
Welcome sweete titles,—talke to me my Lords,
Of sepulchers, and mighty Emperors bones,
Thats thought for me.

Vind. So, one may see by this,
How forraine markets goe:
Courtiers haue feete ath nines, and tongues ath twellues,

They

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

They flatter Dukes and Dukes flatter them-selues.

Nob. My Lord it is your shire must comfort vs.

Luff. Alas I shire in teares like the Sunne in Aprill.

Nobl. Your now my Lords grace?

Luff. My Lords grace? I perceiue youle haue it so.

Nobl. Tis but your owne.

Luff. Then heauens giue me grace to be so?

Vind. He praiest wel for him-selfe.

Nobl. Madame all sorrowes,

Must runne their circles into ioyes, no doubt but time,
Wil make the murderer bring forth him-selfe.

Vind. He were an Affe then yfaith?

Nob. In the meane seafon,

Let vs bethinke the latest-funerall honors:
Due to the Dukes cold bodie,—and withall,
Calling to memory our new happinesse,
Spredie in his royll sonne, —Lords Gentlemen,
Prepare for Reuells. *Vind.* Reuells.

Nobl. Time hath severall falls,

Greefes lift vp ioyes, feastes put downe funeralls.

Luf. Come then my Lords, my fauours to you all,

The Duchesse is suspected, sowly bent,

Ile beginne Dukedom with her banishment? *Exeunt Duke*

Hip. Reuells. *Nobles and Duchesse.*

Vind. I, that's the word, we are firme yet,

Strike one straine more, and then we crowne our wit. *Exeun. Bro.*

Spu. Well, haue the fayrest marke, — (so sayd the Duke when
he begot me,) And if I misse his heart or neere about,

Then haue at any, a Bastard scornes to be out.

Sup. Not st thou that *Spurio* brother.

And. Yes I note him to our shame.

Super. He shall not liue, his haire shall not grow much longer?
in this time of Reuells tricks may be set a foote, seest thou yon
new Moone, it shall out-liue the new Duke by much, this hand
shall dispossesse him, then we're mighty.

A maske is treasons licence, that build vpon?

Tis murders best face when a vizard's on.

Exit Super.

Amb.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Amb. If so, 't's very good,
And do you thinke to be Dukethen,kinde brother?
Ile see faire play, drop one, and there lies tother. *Exit Ambi.*

Enter Vindice & Hippolito,with Piero and other Lords.

Vind. My Lords; be all of Musick, strike old grifes into other
That flow in too much milke, and haue saint liuers, (countries
Not daring to stab home their discontents :
Let our hid flames breake out,as fire,as lightning,
To blast this villanous Dukedomext with sinne ;
Windle vp your soules to their full height agen.

Piero. How? *I.* Which way?

3. Any way: our wrongs are such,
We cannot iustly be reueng'de too much.

Vind. You shall haue all enough : —Reuels are toward,
And those few Nobles that haue long suppressd you,
Are busied to the furnishing of a Maske :
And do affect to make a pleasant taile ont,
The Masking suites are fashioning,now comes in
That which must glad vs all—wee to take patterne
Of all those suites, the colour,trimming,fashion,
E'en to an vndistinguisht hayre almost :
Then entring first,obseruing the true forme,
Within a straine or two we shall finde leasure,
To steale our swords out handsonly,
And when they thinke their pleasure sweete and good,
In midst of all their ioyes,they shall sigh bloud.

Pie. Weightily,effectually, before the tother Maskers come,

Vind. We're gone,all done and past.

Pie. But how for the Dukes gaide? *Vind.* Let that alone,
By one and one their strengths shall be drunke downe,

Hip. There are fife hundred Gentlemen in the action,
That will apply them-selues, and not stand idle.

Pier. Oh let vs hug your bosomes, *Vin.* Come my Lords,
Prepare for deeds,let other times haue words. *Exeunt.*

*In a drum shew the possessing of the young Duke.
with all his Nobles: Then sounding Musick,
A furnisht Table is brought forth: then enters the Duke
& his Nobles to the banquet. A blasing-star appeareth.*

Noblen-

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Nob. Many harmonious hours, and choicest pleasures,
Fill vp the royall numbers of your yeares.

Luf. My Lords we're pleaseid to thanke you?—ebo we know,
Tis but your dutey now to wish it so.

Nob. That shone makes vs all happy.

3. Nob. His Grace frounes?

2. Nob. Yet we must say he smiles. *1. Nob.* I thinke we must.

Luf. That soule-Incontinent Duchesse we haue banisht,

The Bastard shall not live: after these Revells

Ile begin strange ones; nee and the stepsonnes,

I shall pay their liues for the first subsidies,

We must not frowne so soone, else t'ad beene now?

1. Nob. My gratiouse Lord, please you prepare for pleasure,
The mafke is not far off.

Luf. We are for pleasure,
Beschrew thee, what art thou? madst me start?

Thou hast committed treason,—A blazing star.

1. Nob. A blazing star, O where my Lord. *Luf.* Spy out.

2. Nob. See, see, my Lords, a wondrous-dreadful one.

Luf. I am not pleaseid at that ill-knotted fire,
That bushing-flaring star,—am not I Duke?
It should not quake me now: had it appear'd,
Before it, I might then haue iustly feard,
But yet they say, whom art and learning Weds:
When stars were locks, they threaten great-mens heads,
Is it so? you are read my Lords.

1. Nob. May it please your Grace.
It shewes great anger.

Luf. That dos not please our Grace.

2. Nob. Yet here's the comfort my Lord, many times.
When it seemes most it threatnes fardest off.

Luf. Faith and I thinke so too.

1. Nob. Beside my Lord,
You'r gracefullly establisht with the loues
Of all your subiects: and for naturall death,
I hope it will be threescore years a comming.

Luf. True, no more but threescore years.

2. Nob. Fourescore I hope my Lord: *3. Nob.* And fivescore, I,
3. Nob. But tis my hope my Lord, you shall never die.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Luf. Give me thy hand, these others I rebuke,
He that hopes so, is fittest for a Duke:
Thou shalt sit next me, take your places Lords,
We're ready now for sports, let 'em set on.
You thing? we shall forget you quite anon!

3.Nob. I heare 'em comming my Lord. *Enter the Maske of*
Luf. Ah tis well, *Reuengers the two Brothers, and*
Brothers, and Bastard, you dance next in hell? *two Lords more.*

The Reuengers daunce?
At the end, steale out their swords, and these fourre kill the fourre at
the Table, in their Chaires. It thunders.

Vind. Marke, Thunder?

Dost know thy kue, thou big-voyc'd cryer?
Dukes groanes, are thunders watch-words,

Hip. So my Lords, You haue ynough.

Vind. Come lets away, no lingring. *Exeunt.*

Hip. Follow, goe?

Vind. No power is angry when the lust-ful die,
When thunder-claps, heauen likes the tragedy. *Exit Vin.*

Luf. Oh, oh.

Enter the other Maske of intended murderers? Step-sons; Bastard;
and a fourth man, comming in dauncing, the Duke recovers a
little in voyce, and groanes,—calls a guard, treason.
At which they all start out of their measure, and turning towards
the Table, they finde them all to be murdered.

Spur. Whose groane was that? *Luf.* Treason, a guard.

Amb. How now? all murderd! *Super.* Murderd!

4. And those his Nobles?

Amb. Here's a labour sau'd,

I thought to haue sped him, Sbloud how came this.

Spur. Then I proclaine my selfe, now I am Duke.

Amb. Thou Duke, brother thou liest.

Spur. Slave so dost thou?

4. Base villayne hast thou slaine my Lord and Maister.

Enter the first men.

Vind. Pistolls, treason, murder, helpe, guard my Lord the Duke.

Hip. Lay hold vpon this Traytors? *Luf.* Oh.

Vind. Alasse, the Duke is murderd. *Hip.* And the Nobles.

Vind.

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Vin. Surgeons, Surgeons, --heart dos he breath so long.

Ant. A piteous tragedie, able to wake,

An old-mans eyes bloud-shot; Luff. Oh.

Vin. Looke to my Lord the Duke-a vengeance throttle him.
Confesse thou murdrous and vnhollowed man,
Didst thou kill all these?

4. None but the Bastard I,

Vin. How came the Duke slain then;

4. We found him so, Luff. O villaine,

Vin. Harke. Luff. Those in the maske did murder vs;

Vin. Law you now sir.

O marble impudence! will you confessie now?

4. Sloud tis all false,

Ant. Away with that soule monster,
Dipt in a Printes bloud.

4. Heart tis a lye,

Ant. Let him haue bitter execution,

Vin. New marrow no I cannot be exprest,
How faires my Lord the Duke.

Luff. Farewel to al,

Hethat climes highest has the greatest fall,
My tong is out of office.

Vin. Ayre Gentlemen, ayre,
Now thoulst not prate ont, twas Vindice murdred thee,

Luff. Oh.

Vin. Murdred thy Father.

Luff. Oh.

Vin. And I am he-tell no-body, so so, the Dukes departed,

Ant. It was a deadly hand that wounded him,
The rest, ambitious who shoulde rule and sway,
After his death were so made all away,

Vin. My Lord was vnlucky, H.p. Now the hope,
Of Italy lies in your reuerend yeares?

Vin. Your hayre, will make the siluer age agen,
When there was fewer but more honest men,

Ant. The burdens weighty and will presse age downe,
May I so rule that heauen may keepe the crowne,
Vin. The rape of your good Lady has beene quited,
With death on death. Ant. Just is the Lawe aboue

But

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDIE.

But of al things it puts me most to wonder,
How the old Duke came murdred. *Vin.* Oh, my Lord.
Ant. It was the strangeliest carried, I not hard of the like,
Hip. Twas all donne for the best my Lord, (now,
Vin. All for your graces good? we may be bould to speake it
Twas some-what witty carried tho we say it.
Twas we two murdred him, *Ant.* You two?
Vin. None else ifaith my Lord nay twas well managde,
Ant. Lay hands vpon those villaines. *Vin.* How ion vs?
Ant. Beare 'em two speedy execution,
Vin. Heart waft not for your good my Lord?
Ant. My good away with 'em such an ould man as he,
You that would murder him would murder me,
Vin. Ift come about; *Hip.* Scoote brother you begun,
Vin. May not we set as well as the Dukes sonne,
Thou haft no conscience, are we not reuengde?
Is there one enemy left ahue amongst thosse?
Tis time to die, when we are our selues our foes,
When murders shut deeds close, this curse does seale 'em,
If none disclose 'em they them selues reveale 'em!
This murder might haue slept in tonglesse brasse,
But for our selues, and the world dyed an affe,
Now I remenber too, here was *Pisote*. (time
Brought forth a knauish sentance once, no doubt (said he) but
Will make the murderer bring forth himselfe?
Tis a well he died, he was a witch,
And now my Lord, since we are in for euer:
This worke was ours which else might haue beene slipt,
And if we list, we could haue Nobles clipt,
And go for less than beggers, but we hate
To bleed so cowardly we haue ynochous,
Yfaith, we're well, our Mother turnd, our Sister true,
We die after a nest of Dukes, adue, *Exeunt.*
Ant. How subtilly was that murder elosed, beare vp,
Those tragick bodies, tis a heauy season:
Pray heauen their bloud may wash away all treason. *Exit.*

FINIS.